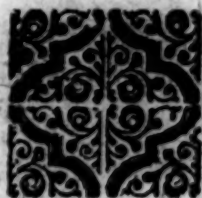


THE
HASTY WEDDING:
OR, THE
Intriguing Squire.

A
COMEDY.

As it was Acted at the
Theatre-Royal.



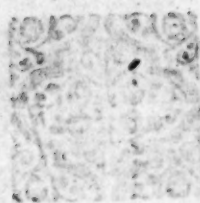
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MDCCXVII.

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THE
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PROLOGUE

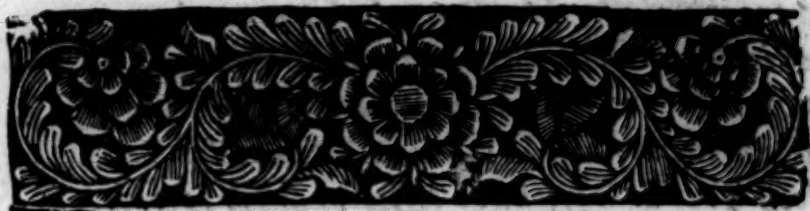
Spoke by Mrs. Mary Lyddall.

*Encourag'd by your last Year's kind Applause,
 Our Poet once again submits his Cause;
 For you who could such favourite Judgment give,
 As not to Damn his last, must let this Live.
 Poets, and Beggars, are in their Behaviour,
 Alike, for when they've once received a Favour.
 They still go on, and Charity implore,
 And faith, 'tis hard to keep 'em from your Door.
 You Judges and the Jury are this Day,
 And you may like, or may condemn the Play,
 But first hear what Defendant has to say.
 That none of you may Travel up and down,
 The Plot and Scenes are lay'd within this Town,
 The People are Inventions of his own.
 For none of you can have so little Wit,
 As e'er to think your Characters are hit.
 If new Plays, like new Faces, could but gain you,
 How easy would it be to entertain you.
 But there's this Difference in the Case,
 You only like because 'tis a new Face.*

*New Plays besides, must have a thousand Graces,
And yet they surfeit you, as soon as Faces.
If for two Nights we can your Persons see,
'Tis well, a Play becomes a Wife in three.
So Cold, so Careless you to us appear,
Your Pictures please you every where, but here.
Gallants can take their Bottle and their Wenches,
Whilst we are Playing to our empty Benches.
And Visiting, and Ombre so Intoxes,
That Ladies quite forget, to fill our Boxes.
And empty is that Gallery and Lettice,
Where not one Vizard Mask, nor one Coquet is.
This spacious City, were you not a Sleep,
Might one poor Poet, and a Play-house keep.
From this Day forth, your summon'd to appear,
That each may Prop this falling Theatre.*



THE EPI



THE EPILOGUE

Spoke by Miss NANCY LYDDAL:

GALLANTS, The Poet sent me as a Spy,
 To listen, how you lik'd his Comedy.
 And bid me try, if I could draw you in,
 To promise, you'd come here, next Year again.
 And the comical, wheedling, laughing Dog,
 Entreated me to speak, his Epilogue.
 He shew'd some Lines, which did your Favour sue,
 And then he talk'd, of not offending you.
 And bid me plead, the Moral of his Play,
 And hop'd, he'd send you all, well pleas'd away.
 Poet, says I, this Stuff won't gain your Cause,
 If they've a mind to give, you'll have Applause.
 If you have well contriv'd a Plot, and shown,
 The reigning Follies, of this spacious Town.
 And wrote your Scenes, with Life, and Warmth,
 (and Spirit,

Those Judges there, will soon proclaim your Merit.
 In short says I, you're sure that I'm your Friend,
 I'll try if the'r in Humour, to Commend.
 Ladies, and Gentlemen; for my sake then;
 Encourage the poor Poets Scribling Vein.
 He's made me half a Woman, in his Play,
 Next Year I may, have twice as much to say.
 Perhaps in Tragick Strains, may tread the Stage,
 And in Heroicks show, my Love, and Rage.
 With Cambrick Hankercheif, and Tears of Woe;
 Cry out, my Lord, my Life, my King, — my Oh.
 Fill all the Ladies, in that Circle there,
 With grief for my Distress, or my Despair;
 And for the Poet, fill the THEATRE.



DRA-

Dramatis Persona.

Sir Ambrose Wealthy. A Banker of a very considerable Fortune, somewhat Whimsical, and very full of Cares concerning his only Daughter. *Mr. Vanderbank.*

Jack Townly. A younger Brother of a good Family, in Love with *Aurelia.* *Mr. Giffard.*

Sir Jeremy Daudle. A meere Cuden who is intirely govern'd by his Wife and Son. *Mr. Hallam.*

Sqr; Daudle. His Son, a Pert, Brisk, presuming Fellow. Values himself much upon his Intrigueing, in which he always Miscarrys. *Mr. Griffith.*

Sir John Dareall. A pretended Baronett, but is indeed a Sharp-cr. His real Name being *Jack Ombre*, he has got some Money by Gameing, set's up an Equipage, makes *Sir Ambrose Wealthy* his Banker in Order to gain his Daughter. *Mr. Dumott.*

Timothy Cash. *Sir Ambrose Wealthy's* Cash keeper, a stiff, formal Man of Business. *Mr. Treefusis.*

Mounseur Decuir. A French Shooe-maker. *Mr. John Watson.*

Constable, and Servants, and a Sailor.

Women.

W O M E N.

Aurelia. Daughter to Sir
Ambrose Wealthy, a discreet Ver-
 tuous young Woman, who is } Miss. *Molly*
 for some time made Miserable } *Lyddall.*
 by her charitable Love of Mrs.
Friendless.

Mrs. *Friendless.* One who
 has many Obligations to *Aure-*
lia, but being Married to Sir } Mrs. *Vander-*
Ambrose, becomes a Tyranicall } *bank.*
 Mother in Law.

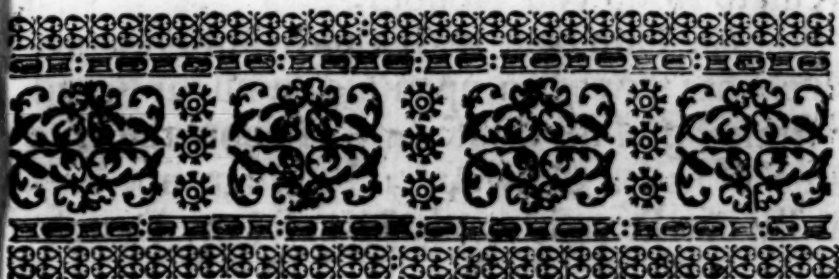
Herriot. Her Daughter, a } Miss. *Nanny*
 young Creature who proves } *Lyddall.*
 most ungrateful to *Aurelia.*

Lady *Daudle.* A great ad-
 mirer of her Son *Daudle*, and } Mrs. *Lyddall.*
 a Manager of her Husband.

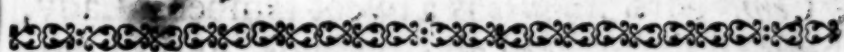
Lettice. Maid to *Aurelia.* } Mrs. *Martin.*

SCENE *Dublin*, Time 8 Hours.

THE



T H E
Hasty Wedding &c.



A C T I.

SCENE a Hall.

Enter Sir Ambrose Wealthy and Timothy Cash.

Sir Amb. **I**T is very well done *Timothy Cash* ; every Morning, let me have a Specimen of my Accounts, an Abstract of the Debtor and Creditor ; I love to be satisfied about my intrinsick Value, which will — hinder me from ruining the Men I have to deal with, and turning Bankrupt my self.

Cash. Your Worship speaks like an honest Trader, if I am careful and faithful, and your
B
Worship

Worship frugal and punctual, Ditto Bills will be chearfully pay'd, and Ditto Species will circulate to do you Honour.

Sir Am. I am blest with a plentiful Fortune, which has flow'd in upon me, without Fraud or straining of my Conscience : I know the true value of half a Crown, and yet am not niggardly of a Pound, could I but see my Daughter well settled in the World, I should not care how soon I was settled out on't ; but methinks it wou'd vex me in my Grave, to have my Fortune fall into the Hands of a Rake-hell, one that wou'd throw away my Money first, and my Daughter afterwards.

Cash. Mrs. *Aurelia* is a sweet temper'd Lady, she is all Duty, and all Goodness, and I humbly presume, your Worship need not be afraid of Ditto Rake ; for I am well assur'd she will act per Advice.

Sir Amb. Go and call her to me.

Cash. I shall obey you, as per Order. (*Exit*

Sir Am. I wish I had not known the Town, so well as now I do, I might my self perhaps have been much easier, tho' my Daughter would have fared the worse for it:

—— what shoals of Fortune-hunters, frequent our Church, —— Fellows, who because Nature has made 'em six foot high, set themselves up to Auction, not to be sold by Inch of Candle, but by Dint of Impudence, moulded into the shape of a Womans fine Gentleman, at the charge of a Taylor and a Sempstress, —— they push fair for a Coach and

and Six, if they miss it, a Goal's the Word.

Enter *Aurelia*.

Au. Your Blessing Sir.

Sir Am. I give it thee most Cordially; a good Morning to you *Aurelia*, have you weigh'd well my last Advice to you, have you considered how many Coxcombs there are in the World, ——— are you satisfi'd that all Mankind are Hypocrites when they have to do with your Sex? And when they use the Word ——— Angel to you, they mean ten Shillings; and Goddess, in their Language, is a Thousand Pound; and when they would lay the Wealth of both the Indies at your Feet, it is in Order to take it up again, and put it into their own Pockets ——— I say, hast thou consider'd, what a Prize thou art? If thou Marry'st to Please me ——— and what a Bag of Misery, thou wilt be, should you do it without my Consent.

Au. I have been very cautious of disobliging you, and much concern'd to think you should have so mean an Opinion of my Conduct, as to imagine I would throw my self away on any Fellow, were I not tyed up by strict Duty to obey you.

Sir Am. 'Tis well resolved, were there such a thing as Prudence belonging to your Sex, ——— but when Gentlewomen marry Footmen, Ladies fall in Love with Coachmen, ——— and Widdows Ruin their first Brood to make Way for a second, ——— who can

depend upon a Womans Resolutions — I know you all have a Natural Tendency to Vertue — and many of you with Pains, and Care — are so — but there is Pride and Vanity, Flesh and Blood, Hat and Feather, — the World and the Devil, to encounter with ; and nothing but Vertue, and a weak Woman, to stand against 'em all — you struggle till your Breaths are gone, and so fall down — I have studyed your Sex, have been Flesh and Blood with four of 'em — but never was Heart and Soul with any but your Mother; she was indeed a most excellent Creature.

Au. You have often told me I was like her, pray Sir think so still,

Sir Amb. Why when I do not think of the many Follies committed by your Sex — I have a pretty good Opinion of you *Aurelia* ; but you must know — I have had many a painful Night and Day, to get my Money in — and who is this Money for — why for my Daughter *Aurelia* — why ay, marry if I could prove that, I should think it was got for a good End ; but *Aurelia's* a Woman — and a Woman's a Fool, — and a Fool doats on a Coxcomb — and a Coxcomb will spend my Estate like a Puppy — and every Body will say I was a Blockhead for taking pains to get it for him.

Aur. But why Sir should you make your self uneasie about disposing of me, when I have

have no Mind to part with you, I am not for running any Hazard, I have an indulgent Parent, which ten to one I may exchange for a bad Husband.

Sir *Am.* Ay but I'm an Old Man, and would joyn my Experience to your Inclinations ——— and would take some Pleasure in seeing you well dispos'd on, before I die; I know it is not an Equipage, or a Title, can comfort you ——— neither is it a great deal of Money can do your Business; but a Man of Sence, a Man of Humanity, a Man of good Nature ——— and a Man that can come up to a round Settlement; a *Smith-Field* bargain Girl ——— there lies the great comfort of Matrimony.

Au. I shall leave all to your wife Management Sir.

Enter Lettice.

Let. Madam, the Widdow *Friendless* and her Daughter, have sent to know if you are at Home, they beg leave to wait on you.

Au. Send Word, I shall be very glad of their good Company. (*Exit Lettice.*)

Sir *Am.* Why there now ——— that is as well station'd a Matron for carrying on an Intrigue, as e'er an old visiting Female of e'm all ——— she want's Money ——— and People that want Money, must get it one way or other.

Au. She is most excellently Good ——— and notwithstanding her Misfortunes are great, I'm

I'm sure she'd scorn a thing that's ill, her Husband has left her in a deplorable Condition—— you are an indulging Parent, and have put it into my Power to be charitable, and none ever were greater Objects of Charity, then she and her Daughter.

Sir *Amb.* Can you not be charitable to her, without being intimate——can you not put Money into her Pocket, without putting her into your Bosom?

Aur. She is a Gentlewoman——well Bred, and her Daughter is a fine young Creature; it is your Pleasure I should keep but little Company, I covet none but theirs, I meet with few People at her House, for too many shun the Poor.

Sir *Amb.* I have a shrew'd suspicion of the Woman, *Aurelia*——take care what you do; for if I discover that any thing in Breeches meets you there, I'll fire the House, and Burn you all together in it.

Aur. Fear us not good Sir.

Sir *Amb.* I must to the *Tholsel*, it is Exchange-time; remember my last Words, *Aurelia*, (Exit.

Aur. How miserable my Father's care of me, is like to make me.

Enter Mrs. *Friendless*, and *Herriot*.

Friend. My dearest Benefactress, let me Embrace you.

Her. Oh my dearest Lady! how I Love you; I have been teasing my Mother all this Morning to come to see you.

Aur.

Aur. You are both sincerely welcome here, and always shall be so to me, shake off your Melancholy, do not give way to Grief so much, I am your Bosom Friend, you ne'er shall want whilst I have it.

Friend. All the Blessings Heaven can show's on you, be your Comfort for it; consider Madam I have lost the best of Husbands: Oh oh! his profuse way of Living, has brought us into a great deal of Misery, and it is incredible to tell you what his Debts are; but on his Death Bed he repented, and had he liv'd, I'm satified he would have made the best of Husband's, it was his Creditors that broke his Heart.

Aur. Poor Man, he's happy.

Her. Ay Madam so he is, and my Mother has no reason for despairing, I know she may have another Husband when ever she pleases.

Friend. Fye Miss, your gayity at this time do's not become you, I do abhor the Sex, no Temptations ever shall make me a Slave to Man again.

Aur. Had you been here just now, my Father would have sum'd up all the Frailtys of our Sex, he says our Vows are all but Wind.

Her. I remember, my Father used to say so too, and when I said I'd never Marry, he told me I was a *Prude* at present, but in a Year or two, I should be a grand *Cocquet*.

Friend. Poor Man, he was intirely fond of *Herriot*, and when Dying, fixt his Eyes most wishfully upon her.

Her.

Her. Indeed he star'd so, that he fright-
ned me, I'm sure Mamma, I Lov'd him full
as well as you, and yet I did not Cry a-
bove two Days for him.

Friend. Ah my Dear, my Greif is inward, I
wish I could Cry heartily, and then perhaps
my Heart would not be broke.

Her. I observe Madam my Mother Crys
most in Company, she's pretty easy when
alone.

Friend. When I see any Body that knew
my Husband, my Grief will vent it self a fresh.

Enter Lettice.

Let. Madam, a Gentleman who calls him-
self Sir *John Dareall*, just arrived from *En-
gland*, was asking for Sir *Ambrose*, and he not
being at Home, he begs he may be introduced
to you.

Aur. I know him not, what can his Bu-
siness be?

Enter Sir John Dareall.

Sir *Jo.* Pray which of these Ladies is
Daughter to Sir *Ambrose*.

Let. That's my young Lady Sir.

Sir *Jo.* (*aside*) She's beautiful by *Jove* (*to
her*) Madam give me leave to Salute you—
(*aside*) kisses like an Angel, (*to her*) I take the
Freedom from an Intimacy I have with an
Unkle of your's Madam, honest *Ned Wealthy*
of *Sommerfet-shire*.

Aur. I hope my Unkles well Sir.

Sir *Jo.*

Sir John. Yes faith, Ned's very well, takes his two Bottles a Night still, grumbles at every Ministry that's uppermost, and railes ——— devlishly at the Malt-Tax.

Aur. Came you in the Pacquet Sir?

Sir John. Faith I can't tell you Madam; for I am never right in my Mind, when I'm sick in my Stomach, all that I know of the Vessel was, she stunk confoundedly of Pitch and Tarr, we were a representation of Noah's Ark, the Captain himself was a Brute-Beast, and we poor Passengers wallow'd in the Mire we made; but I cannot greive at the hardships I met with at Sea, since it was the means of bringing me into your agreeable Company.

Aur. Your a perfect Courtier Sir.

Enter Sir Ambrose, and Cash.

Sir Amb. (to Cash) From England say you! and to speak with me.

Aur. Here comes my Father Sir.

Sir Amb. (Espying of him) With my Daughter, I like not that.

Sir John. Sir Ambrose, your most obedient, humble Servant, I bring this Letter from your Brother in Somersetshire.

Sir Amb. Sir your Servant (*aside to Aurelia*) you have no business here that I know on.

Aur. Come my dear Friends, let's retire to my Apartment.

Exeunt Aurelia, Friendless, and Herriot.

Sir John. (*aside*) I perceive Sir Ambrose is touch'd with Jealousy; but I must carry her for all that.

Sir Amb. Reads.

DEAR Brother a particular Friend has beg'd I would recommend the Bearer Sir John Dare-all, to your care, he is making a Purchase in the North of Ireland, if you can do him any Service, you will much oblige your affectionate Brother.
Love to my Neice.

Edward Wealthy.

(*He speaks*) Sir John—for that I find by my Brothers Letter is your Name, you are most heartily welcome to my House, and according to my Brother's desire, I will do you what service I am able : I am very glad to hear from Ned, there was a misunderstanding betwixt us, which drop'd our Correspondence for some Years.

Sir John. (*aside*) That's more than I knew faith.

Sir. Amb. He mention'd nothing of it to you Sir John.

Sir John. Not one Word upon my Honour Sir, but I know Ned is a little Whimsical, apt to be Captious and——

Sir Amb. Pardon me Sir John, not to my knowledge, I take it, he has always been of a sweet Disposition.

Sir John. Ay as to his Temper I grant you, but he's troubled now and then, with the Cholic, and the Stone, and the Gout, and——

Sir Amb. I am surpris'd at that ! a Friend of mine saw him at the Bath about two Months since, when he was perfectly in Health.

Sir

Sir Jo. Why you know he's a chearfull jolly Fellow, and bares his Illness pritty well.

Sir Amb. Now I always took him to be a melancholy Man.

Sir Jo. (*Aside*) A pox of my bullet Head, I might have been better inform'd, I had best proceed to Business, or I shall be found out (*to him*) Sr Ambrose I have some Bills on your Bankers here for about a thousand Pound, which I beg you would let your Cash keeper receive for me; and pray give it the trouble of House-room, now if I can but purchase the Estate in the North, I have the Money ready in London, which I suppose may be remitted here in a Post or two.

Sir Am. You may draw from hence for what Sum you please.

Sir Jo. You must know Sir Ambrose, I was to have been Married to a young Lady in your Brothers Neighbourhood, but her Father was a meer Trickster, which broke off the Match, for he would have had me have settled my Estate in *Sumersetsbire*, which is good fifteen hundred Pound a Year, upon his Daughter, and yet he would give her down but six thousand Pound.

Sir Am. That was unconscionable enough, tho' I cannot blame the Man for making a good Bargain for his Daughter.

Sir Jo. Why as you say, in one Sence I cannot blame him for it neither, but then Sir Ambrose, I was to have parted with the six thousand Pound, to have pay'd my Sisters Portions,

tions, and I have but two thousand Pound a Year in all, so that in case of any mortality, I might have left half a dozen Children starving upon the five hundred a Year, whilst my young gay Widdow, would have been Flaunting it about, upon her fifteen hundred.

Sir *Am.* And perhaps might have Married again some Sharper or another, that would have squeez'd her Dry.

Sir *Jo.* Ay Sir *Ambrose*, there are so many of those impudent Fellows, now a Days up and down the World, that upon my Conscience, an honest fair dealing Gentleman, with his substantial Settlement shall lose his Mistress, because he can't Dance, Sing, take Snuff, or be a Coxcomb.

Sir *Amb.* Sir *John* give me your Hand, I profess you speak the very Soul of me, it is the greatest grievance the World lyes under.

Sir *Jo.* 'Tis fact Sir *Ambrose* ——— now you must know about the time this Affair was transacting, an Uncle of mine Dyes, and leaves me twenty thousand Pound, which pay'd off Sisters Fortunes, and the remainder of the Money, with some more that I have sayed, is to buy this Estate in the *North*, since I have Disencumbr'd my self, I shall not stand so much upon a Fortune with a Woman, as upon her being agreeable; but about these Notes Sir *Ambrose*.

Sir *Am.* (*Pointing to Cash*) this Sir *John* is my *Cash* keeper, I trust him with some fifty thousand Pound a Year, if you please to give him the

the Bills he will receive the money for you.

Sir John. I shall be grateful Sir in my acknowledgments (*gives Cash the Bills.*)

Cash. They are very good Sir, I suppose with submission Sir, you would have me transfer the Cash to your Credit, and presume I must deliver you in lieu thereof, Bills for *Ditto Sum*, sign'd by me, *per Sir Ambrose*,

Sir John. As your Method is, good Sir.

Cash. We will make our selves Debtor for the Sum and you Creditor *pro Contra*.

Sir John. Exactly Sir.

Cash. I will perform it most punctually.

Exit.

Sir Amb. (*aside*) What if this Man now, shou'd as it were be sent on purpose unto my hands, for my Daughters good; a great Estate, a well look'd Gentleman, very Sober, and one who hates Coxcombs and Sharpers, I will offer him Lodgings in my House—who knows but he may be smitten by her——the Girl has Charms enough——and I Money enough. (*to him*) Sir John, I hope you will do me the favour of continuing under my Roof, so long as you stay in Dublin,

Sir John. By no means Sir Ambrose, I shall be troublesome, my Equipage will make you uneasy.

Sir Amb. Not in the least Sir John.

Sir John. Nay, I left my Chariot and my six Flanders - Mares at Chester, I order'd my Coach Man not to embark, till he heard from me.

Sir

Sir Amb. Oh forbid 'em *Sir John*, make use of my Coach so long as you stay in this Country, think this House your own, and me your cordial Friend, and most obedient humble Servant.

Sir John. You are particularly Obliging and answer the Character all the World has given me of you.

Enter Squire Daudle.

Squire Dau. Well I have search'd in every Room for her, and cannot find her.

Sir Amb. (Espying of him) Well *Squire Daudle*, what is your business here.

Squire Dau. Why truly *Sir Ambrose*, no manner of Business only, but to——

Sir Amb. Only but—— to show you are an Idle Fellow I suppose.

Squire Dau. Ah *Sir Ambrose*, you are pleas'd to be merry, (*aside*) but if I cou'd Steal your Daughter, you would then be melancholly enough (*to him*) why you must know *Sir Ambrose*, my Father sent me to see if you and *Mrs. Aurelia*, will not come and play a game at *Ombre* this Evening at our House.

Sir Amb. Does you, and your Father imagine, because you are a couple of idle People, that therefore I must be drawn in to be idle too; know young Fellow, that I set a value upon my Time, and therefore cannot come, nor my Daughter shall not come, and the seldomer you come here, the more pleasing it will be to me——don't you see I am busily with this

Gen.

Gentleman, who is this Moment come from England.

Enter Cash.

Cash. Sir *Ambrose*, your hand is required to the settling an Affair with a Gentleman in the counting House, who is somewhat Scrupelous, about my adjusting *Ditto* Account with him.

Sir *Amb.* Sir *John*, I beg your pardon for a Moment. *Exeunt Sir Ambrose and Cash.*

Squire *Dau.* Sir *John*, and from England, I must be acquainted with him — Sir your most obedient humble Servant; I understand you are a Stranger, you'r welcome to *Dublin*, pray Sir what Business, may call you into this Country.

Sir *John.* Is it usual Sir, for the Gentlemen of this Country, to inquire into the Affairs of a Stranger at first Sight.

Squire *Dau.* Pray Sir don't be angry, all Countrys have their pratical Customs, and Fashions, I must own, I am one of those, who are very inquisitive that way, and only I want a little Assurance, or else by my good Will, I could stop every Stranger that goes along the Street, and not leave him till I know his Name, and place of Abode, and Business; 'tis a gay goodnatur'd Temper, some of us have.

Enter Sir Ambrose.

Sir *Amb.* Some of us have, pray what are you imposing upon Sir *John*, for some of us have.

Sir

Sir John. Why I find the Gentleman pritty intimate with me at first Sight, he values himself much upon his inquisitiveness after Strangers, & pretends it is the Custom of the Country here.

Sir Amb. *Sir John,* we have our Coxcombs and our Fools, in this Country, as well as in all other Country's, ~~and~~ I do assure you this Squire Daudle is a finish'd one.

Sq; Da. *(to Sir John aside)* You smoke the Old Pat don't you *Sir John,* he's very Rich, but a little British or so, *(taking)* well *Sir Ambrose,* you will not be convinced by my arguments, you are mighty apt to be positive, very often whimsical, and — generally speaking Peevish, very peevish.

Sir Amb. I desire Sir, that you will not give me the trouble of being rude to you in my own House; but that you will be so kind, as to give my humble Service, to *Sir Jeremy Daudle,* and tell him from me, if he does not Chain up his Monkey, he will give great uneasiness to the Neighbourhood, and so you may take up your Tale and Skip off.

Sq; Da. *(to Sir John,)* Sir, I am very Sorry, that you have met with so ill an Impression of me, at first Sight. when I have the Honour of being particularly acquainted with you over a Bottle, you will find ~~that~~ but I will not praise my self too much:

Sir Jo. Sir, your most Obedient Servant.

Sir Am. So, my pritty dear Minature of Man, you may be gone; and pray take care not to forget delivering my Message to *Sir Jeremy*

Sq;

Sq; *Dan.* (Aside) I shall not rest quiet till I am reveng'd of this old Fellow, — he is certainly Jealous of me, I am resolv'd to steal his Daughter from him, for two very good Reasons; first out of love to her, and secondly out of spite to him (to them) Sir John your most humble Servant; I shall take a Time, but at present I make bold to borrow my self from you.

Sir *Amb.* And if you never pay him again, I can assure you he'll never put you to any trouble about it. *Exit Dandle making Mouths.*

Sir *Jo.* Pray Sir Ambrose, who is this pert, pritty, familiar Gentleman?

Sir *Amb.* Why he's the Son of Sir Jeremy Dandle, a very near Neighbour of mine, and an old Acquaintance, he is a weak honest Man, with a very small Estate, manag'd by a Termagant Lady, who has had the breeding of this Squine, and has made him the Monkey he appears to be; would you beleive it Sir John, the old People, had the impertinence to offer this Boy for my Son in Law — no — since I can give her as good a Fortune as any private Man in this Kingdom, I am resolv'd not to throw it away upon a blockhead, in order to beget a whole race of Fools for my Grand Children.

Sir *Jo.* Sir Ambrose, I think your Resolution very commendable, your Daughter appears to be a most agreeable young Lady, and is of her self a Fortune without the addition of any Money.

Sir *Amb.* (*aside*) I am very glad he thinks so (*to him*) Ah Sir *John*, a little Beauty, a little Love, and a great deal of Money, are admirable Ingredients mixt together. ——— Thank Heaven, the Girl has no Vice that I know on; she puts on her Cloaths for Decencys sake, and not to be stared at; she goes to Church for Devotion, and not to be admir'd; she visits out of pure Love and Friendship, and not because 'tis Fashionable; she praises no body to their Faces, in order to raile at 'em behind their Backs; she manages her Expences frugally, supplys my Family decently, and governs my Servants prudently, and with these Accomplishments, she may perhaps make some honest Gentleman a good Wife.

Sir *John.* Upon my Word Sir *Ambrose*, these are Excellent Qualitys, which added to the agreeableness of her Person, makes her appear to me, the most accomplish'd Female I ever met with, I am all over Raptures about her.

Sir *Amb.* (*aside*) I am mighty glad of that, (*to him*) You are a Courtier Sir *John*, pray where is your Equipage, is it yet come on Shore.

Sir *John.* My Man tells me, it is carried to the Custom-house.

Sir *Amb.* Oh I'll send my Clerk there, he shall get 'em discharg'd.

Sir *John.* When goes your Pacquet for England.

Sir *Amb.* The Government has promis'd to send their Letters in, within this Hour.

Sir

Sir John. Short warning indeed, I have several Letters to dispatch.

Sir Amb. I will order Pen, Ink, and Paper into your Apartment, ——— (*Aurelia crosses the Stage*) Aurelia pray stay with Sir John till I return. (*Exit Sir Ambrose.*)

Sir John. (*aside*) So matters go on Swimingly, I find I shall not want opportunity, and if I fail of making use of 'em, may I be reduc'd to my original Vocation again, (*to her*) Madam your most obedient Servant, I think you, prodigious like your Uncle.

Aur. (*aside*) What can my Father mean, by leaving me alone with this Man, 'tis the first time he ever did so since I can remember (*to him*) I am very proud Sir of being thought like my Uncle, I have not seen him this many Years.

Sir John. I wish, fair One, I had never seen you, or that I was never to look on any other Object, ——— how Charming ——— how Beautiful ——— how divinely Fair you are.

Aur. Do you speak to me Sir?

Sir John. It is imposible to speak to you Madam, I am struck Dumb with admiration?

Aur. And yet for all that your Lips move, and you seem to speak the Language of the Country you came from; I profess I am a Stranger to it, and cannot apprehend without an Interpreter.

Sir John. Why in plain English Madam, I am most desperately in Love with you?

Aur.

Aur. Why then Sir in as plain English again I must tell you, I have never the better Opinion of your understanding for it; I am not used to this Romantick sort of Conversation, therefore, must beg you would pick out some more proper Person to fix your Heroicks upon.

Sir John. Oh cruel Creature, and yet amongst all your Cruelty, how Amiable you appear, oh, were you to be kind, what a distraction of Joy and Pleasure should I have.

Aur. Sir your humble Servant. (*Going.*)

Sir John. Hold, hold, dear Madam, I suppose you forget it was you Father's commands, you should stay with me till his return.

Aur. Sir I obey my Father in all things lawful; but he order'd no Familiaritys, I don't remember any Intimacy depending betwixt you and I, that should occasion your comical Gallantry.

Sir John. Madam, if I had not received some Encouragement from your Father, it's very Probable I should have sigh'd, and whined, a considerable Time, before I had vented my Passion to you; but as I have Estate enough, to come up to your Fathers bargain, I hope I have Person enough, not to be disagreeable to you.

Aur. (*aside*) There must be something in this, or my Father would never have trusted me alone with him. (*to him*) Sir, not to give you any further trouble in this Affair, my Father may, when he pleases, command me not to Marry; but it never is in his power to command me to Marry.

Sir

Sir John. I am too much a Gentleman Madam, to pretend to bargain with your Father for you, and I hope you are too generous, to despise the Man that humbly sues to be your Slave; if your Heart is not disposed on, crown my Wishes, and be dutiful, to your Father.

Aur. (*Aside*) 'Tis a good agreeable impudent Fellow; but what is that to me.

Enter Sir Ambrose and Cass.

Sir Am. (*aside*) So, so, if he is but caught, all my Fears are at an End. (*to them*) Sir John, all things are ready in your Apartment, and your Goods are brought hither from the Custom-house, Cass show Sir John up Stairs.

Cass. I shall undertake, for Depositing him there. — Sir John, if you are so Determin'd.

Sir John. Most willingly Sir, (*aside*) had the old Fellow stay'd but a Moment longer, I might have been at the end of my Project, for the Girls Eyes struck Fire, her Breast began to heave, and a Sentence or two more, would have caused a Palpitation at her Heart, (*to them,*) your Servant, for half an Hour.

(*Exeunt Sir John, and Cass.*)

Sir Amb. Aurelia he is a very graceful fine Gentleman.

Aur. Sir.

Sir Amb. What said he to you Aurelia.

Aur. To me Sir.

Sir Amb. Come hide nothing from me, he is a noble Gentleman, — has he Aurelia, — prais'd

—prais'd any part about thee, — has he said any tender Things — do'st thou think he looks like a Lover?

Aur. A Lover Sir, I have alway's been bred with that Prudence and reservedness, that I shall never give any Man an Opportunity of looking like a Lover at me.

Sir Amb. Pshaw, pshaw, thou mistakest me Child, I would have you put on no graveAirs upon this Occasion, I give you leave to *Cocquet* it like a very Woman — Dear *Aurelia*, draw him on — he's a Jewel of a Man, — such an Estate — and if you prove but a little comeing he will make such a Joynture, that thou hast Happiness thrown into the very Mouth of thee.

Aur. He talk'd Sir of Charms, and Flames, and Darts and such ridiculous Stuff.

Sir Amb. Did he, did he? *Aurelia*, 'tis not ridiculous from a Man of his Estate; thou must incourage it Child, do you but hear him of one side, and let me talk to him on the other side, and we will so manage the matter, that you shall be close link'd to his his Side — *Aurelia* I have invited him to take Lodgings with us; therefore don't drive him out of the House with your Unkindness, — meet him like a Friend, — talk to him like a Brother, — and think of him like a Lover, — for I am determin'd he shall be the Man, the happy Man, — take opportunity of falling into his Way, — I am going to Sir *Jeremy Daudles*,

dles, about his impertinent Son, I'll be back in a Moment.

(Exit Sir Ambrose.

Aur. So, my Father from being a Jealous Cautious severe old Man, is become an Amourous ——— Match-maker ——— but little does he think where my Hearts dispos'd on.

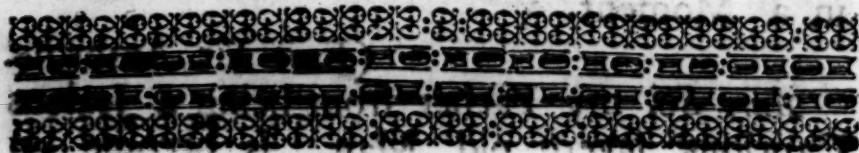
*Till Marriage comes, our Parents we Obey,
'Tis love that Steals our Duty quite away.*

*At their Commands, none would be Slaves for life,
Duty to Husband makes a happy Wife.*

End of the first A C T.

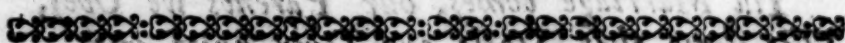


A C T



ACT II.

SCENE Sir Jeremy Daudle's.



Enter Sir Ambrose, and Sir Jeremy.

Sir Je. **A**S I am serious Sir Ambrose, it is none of my Fault.

Sir Amb. Look you Sir Jeremy Daudle, I will no longer be troubled with his Impertinencies; I design to marry my Daughter within these two Days to a worthy Baronet, who is just now arrived from England.

Sir Je. Why in truth Sir Ambrose I cannot blame you.

Sir Amb. As we have been old Friends and Neighbours this many Years; I would not have such a Trifle asy our Son break off our ancient Correspondence; the refore I expect to hear no more of this Matter, and so your Servant.

Exit Sir Ambrose.

Enter Lady Daudle, and Squire Daudle.

Sq; Dau. Ay but you shall hear more of this Matter Sir Jeremy; my Lady Mother, and I, have overheard all his complaints against me

me, but I will carry his Daughter for all this; I am sure I am as proper, and as handsome as his *Baronet*.

Lady Dau. Ay, thou art a charming Boy, and I will not have thee baulk'd for all I am worth in the World.

Sir Je. In truth now Deary, he had better give over.

Lady Dau. I tell you no Sir, am not I the Head of this Family?

Sir Je. Ay Deary, and the Tale of it too.

Lady Dau. Don't interrupt me then, do you think that all the Education we have given our fine Boy here, must be thrown away; no, no, he shall get her by a Stratagem, and that will show his Cunning; he shall Marry her, and that will show his Love; and he shall bully Sir *Ambrose* out of a good Fortune, and that will show his Courage: Oh I love an Intrigue from the very Soul of me, to watch, to be surpriz'd; to meet with a thousand Difficulties, and then to fall into the Arms of the thing we love: Oh Extasie!

Squire Dau. Ay my dear Lady Mother, nothing in the World is so Delicious.

Sir Je. Ay, but if I might be suffer'd to Speak now——

Lady Dau. You suffer'd, pray who hinders you from Speaking? —— you may talk what you will, to your self—— but we are determin'd to go on with the Intrigue.

Enter

28 Enter Monsieur *De Cuir*, a French Shooe Maker.

De Cu. Mounfieur votre Servitture, I have come brought you your Shoes; I don't doubt but dey vil vit you much ver well.

Squire *Dau.* Ha let me see—— pho Pox, the Heel is not half high enough, I told you, I would have 'em red Top, and yellow Heels.

De Cu. Sire; vit permission; upon de Conscience of de French Refugee, ven I live in *Paris* before I come heder for my Religion, I vork very much for all de fine Gentelmen, de Beau, and vat you call in *Ireland* de Cokescomb, and I never saw fuch fancy upon one two both Shooe in all my Life.

Squire *Dau.* Sir as I take it, I am to pay you, and therefore I have a mind to be at the Head of a Fafhion, and will have my Foot drefs'd as I please.

De Cu. Ver well Sire; 'tis only fo much de great deal de more Sharge.

Lady *Dau.* Pray Monsieur *De Cuir*, who are thofe Shooes for, they are very pritty.

De Cu. May it pleasea your Latysheep, dey are for Matam de prity Jentlewoman, your Voifin, your Neighboura, Mifterefs *Aurelia*; I am Juſte goeing Home vid dem.

Squire *Dau.* My dear Lady Mother, I have thought on't; fuch an Intrigue! fuch a Strata-gem! fuch an Invention!

Lady *Dau.* Oh I dye to hear it.

Sir,

Sir Fe. Ay, ay, Let him alone for Invention.

Lady Dau. Lord Sir *Jeremy*, won't you give him leave to tell it us ?

Sir Fe. My dear Lady Wife, I long as much to know it as I did to be married to thee.

Lady Dau. Sir *Jeremy* be dumb I say, (*Sir Jeremy claps his Fingers to his Mouth*) come Child communicate.

Squire Dau. Nay, nay, I must whisper it to your Ladyship, for if Sir *Jeremy* should know it, perhaps he'd spoil all. (*he whispers my Lady*) (*Sir Jeremy listens*) (*Squire speaks*) Nay, nay, Sir you must not hear.

Lady Dau. Stand off Sir *Jeremy*; how dare you lend an Ear to what I han't a Mind you should know, because I have been good Natured lately, you forget Discipline (*Squire whispers again*) Oh my dear Boy, no Stateseman could have invented such a Plot.

Squire Dau. I'll put it in Execution immediately *Monfieur De Cuir*, come along with me, this Moment : I'll make your Fortune for ever

De Cu. Vid all my Heart Sir.

(*Exeunt.*)

Lady Dau. Oh I shall dye away with Impatience, till I hear the result of this Affair.

Sir Fe. I long to know it, if I can be any Diversion to my dear Lady Wife, to make her pass the Time easy, till the Plot is over.

Lady Dau. You a Diversion, Ha, ha, ha, as my Son says when he Punns, you are my Aver-

Aversion instead of my Diversion; but poor Soul, thou dost not know what a Punn is, go get you in, or I'll be upon the Back of you, I will. ————— (*he goes out, she following*)

SCENE *draws to Mrs. Friendless's House.*

Enter Friendless Heriot and Townley.

Town. You say Madam, you love the Fair *Aurelia* tenderly, if so, show it then by suffering me to meet her here, she is admitted to go to your House only, you know she has confess'd a Passion for me, I only want an opportunity, to have the Parson joyn our Hands, our Hearts have long been joyn'd.

Her. Indeed Mamma, you must comply with the Gentlemans Request, methinks his story is so like a Novel, or a Romance, that it brings Tears into my Eyes.

Friend. Consider Sir the Misfortunes I lye under, she is the only Friend I have to trust too; should her Father, who is very Jealous, make any Discovery, I shall be for ever Miserable.

Town. Madam, the Moment I have Married her, I'll discover it to Sir *Ambrose*, for tho' at present my Fortune is but small, at the Death of my Uncle, I shall have a plentiful Estate.

Her. How charming does he speak, what Madam, will you be ungrateful to Mrs. *Aurelia*, how often has she wish'd to meet this Gentleman, how tenderly has she spoke of him,

him, even so tenderly, that she has made me almost in Love with him too.

Town. I am oblig'd to you, my pritty Charmer, look you Madam, grant my Request, and the Moment the Parson joyns our Hands, I'll make your Daughter a present of five hundred Pistoles, because I know *Aurelia* Loves her Tenderly.

Frend Well Sir, for Mrs. *Aurelia's* sake, I will run the Hazard.

Town I beg it may be this Afternoon at four.

Her. As good an Hour as can be, I will go and acquaint her of it; so just as the Bell rings, she may step in hither, and make her Father beleive she's gone to Church.

Town. Excellent invention; I will be punctual, and bring a Parson with me.

Frend. Pray Heaven it proves according to your Wish.

Her. Never fear Mamma, this is the winding up of an Amour. *(Exeunt severally.)*

SCENE the Street.

As Townly comes out of the House, Enter Sir Ambrose and espies him, as he's crossing the stage.

Sir Amb. Is not that *Townly*, the beggarly Rake that pretended to my Daughter ——— sure he came out of that House, some damn'd Intrigue is carrying on ——— I must hasten the Match with *Sir John* ——— I will Home, and forbid my Daughter ever crossing the threshold

threshold of that Door——I judged right, and now I am sure she is a Match making Hussey. (Exit.

SCENE *Draws to Aurelia's Chamber.*

Aur. Ah poor *Townley*, I fear it is not your Fate and mine, to come together; but I'm resolved I'll Die before I will be anothers; in what is the Love of a Parent shown, if they will not gratifye our inclinations but for a momentary Humour of their own, perhaps make us miserable for an Age.

Enter *Sir Ambrose.*

Sir Amb. *Aurelia* come hither, mind what I say now, your Confidant——your Hussey——your Gobetween——your Friend——your Jade——is a Devil incarnate, I have resolved if ever you enter her Doors again, you shall never see my Face, I am convinc'd of her Falshood——look you, I am your Father——you are oblig'd to be Dutiful,——suppose there was not a Duty incumbent, there's Gratitude, I would fain have you Grateful, I can give you a swinging Fortune——I can choose whether I'll give you a Groat or not——In short I can lock you up——I can Starve you, and I can turn you out of Doors; but come Child, Daddy loves you, promise me never to see this damn'd confounded Widow more

Aur. I am sorry Sir, you should take a prejudice to a Woman, that I am well assur'd does not desrve it.

Sir

Sir *Amb.* Hussey you Lye.

Aur. Well Sir, in Obedience to you I will not see her; but I hope, you'll let me send her some Releif, from time to time.

Sir *Amb.* Ay thou dearest Child, thou shalt send her any thing, but thy self, if ever you see her Face, I will be the Death of you all.

Aur. You may depend upon my Duty Sir,

Enter Squire Daudle drest like a Journey-Man, Shooe-maker.

Squire *Dau.* Servant Sir, Servant Madam, I have brought your Ladyship's Shooes Home, my Master begs Pardon, he could not come with em himself.

Aur. Lets see em ——— I beleive they'll fit me very well.

Dau. To a T Madam, give me leave to try 'em on, ——— (*She sits down he pulls of her Shooe*) This Shooe is well worn, and your Ladyship treads well of your Paster'n's, your Ladyship has a fine turn'd Foot of your own, it would do a Man good to be taking measure of it.

Aur. What does the Fellow mean to doe with my Foot.

Squire *Dau.* Only pulling your Stocking smooth Madam, (*aside*) I wonder she does not know me, I must discover my self, I wish this old Jealous Rascal would walk off, ——— (*puts on her Shooe,*) There's a Shooe Madam! Tread your Foot hard to the Ground; that Foot peeping from under a hoop Peticoate,
is

is enough to Captivate a thousand Hearts without seeing any other part of your Body.

Aur. The fellow's very pert and Elegant, (*She stares at him,*) Sure I should know that Face, 'tis Squire Daudle, should I discover him to my Father, in the humor he is in, he'd have him Murder'd: Friend, the Shooes fit me very well, bid your Master send in his Bill, I owe him for several Pair of Shooes.

Squire Dau. (*aside*) It is as I suspected, she don't yet discover me, I must even give her my Billet-deaux, and tell her before her Father, 'tis my Masters Bill — (*to her*) Madam, my Master bid me tell you, Times are very ticklish, and Money's hard to come by, and therefore he has made bold to send your Bill by me. (*he gives her the Paper.*)

Sir Am. Come *Anrelia*, to shew my Paternal love to you, notwithstanding the handsome Allowance I make you, comply with my last Commands, and let me see the Bill I will pay it my self.

Aur. That's obligeing indeed Sir, (*She gives him the Paper without ever looking on it.*)

Squire Dau. (*Aside*) Oh dear, what a damn'd confounded Peice of ill Fortune is this, I shall be cursedly used, what signifies my Awl, when this is like to be my last, I thought to have past for a Shooemaker, and I have done it in a very Cobling manner.

Sir Amb. Hearkey you Friend, how long have you liv'd with this French Man.

Squire Dau.

Squire *Dau.* (*Aside*) Pox on him, I had much rather not hold any Discourse with him (*to him*) And please your Worship, I can't say I Live with him, for in truth I do but Starve with him, for I am an Irish Man born, and cannot taste his stew'd Snailles, his frigacy of Frogs, and Soups made of the Shreds of Leather which we pair from the Shooes we make.

Sir *Amb.* Why the Fellow has a great Trade, what should make him Live so Miserably?

Squire *Dau.* Why and please your Worship, he was born a Slave, was Dragoon'd out of his own Country, upon the account of Religion, and is resolv'd to Live miserably, in hopes of getting together, as much Money here, as he left behind him in *France*.

Sir *Amb.* A good intelligible Fellow this, I warrant you People of the Country here, grumble at these Foreigners.

Squire *Dau.* No and please your Worship, not one Morsel; we can't blame the Fellows for being Industrious; but we now and then curse the Gentry, for letting their own Country-Men starve, whilst they are imploying Foreigners.

Sir *Amb.* If our own Countrymen were but as Industrious, they would not want Business; but they never care to Work, tell they begin to grow Hungry — Well let us see what this Fellow's Bill is.

Squire *Dau.* Your Honour may let it alone, I beleive my Master is not in such great Need: I will send him to receive it himself.

Sir *Amb.* No, no let us see, (*opening the Paper*)
 (*Reads*) Dearest of Angels ——— (*speaks*)
 Dam'dest of Dogs, what does this mean
 Sirrah?

Squire Daudle going to sneak away.

Sir Ambrose stops him.

Sir *Amb.* Hold my dear Rascal——I am resolved to Pay you before you go away.

Sir *Dau.* And please your Honour, I had rather not receive it, for I cannot give you a Receipt: I can't Write.

Sir *Amb.* Oh you shall make your Mark; but let me see, what is the Sum Total.

R E A D S.

DEarest of Angels, I have been a long time Dying for you, upon my Soul this comes with my last Gasp, if you do not cast one Eye of pity upon me, I shall expire in your Presence,———your Fathers cruelty Distracts me, upon his forbidding me the House. I invented this Stratagem, give me some Signs that you Love me, the rest be mine; in the next Attack, I will bring a Parson, who shall joyn our Hands, and let me alone to make up the whole Affair with Sir Ambrose.

I am Eternally yours,
 Nehemiah Daudle.

Sir *Amb.* A Son of a Whore; (*aside*) By this Light 'tis the Rogue himself; but I will not seem to know him, that I may the better revenge my self on him. Hearkey Friend, how came you by this Letter, Sirrah?

Squire

Squire *Dau.* (*Aside*) Ay, now the Storm is rising. (*to him*) Why I suppose my Master mistook, and gave me the wrong Paper.

Sir *Amb.* Ay, very like so, let's see the Superscription, (*Reads*) To the Beautiful Mrs *Aurelia Wealthy* No Sirrah, he has not mistook, who was by when he gave you this Paper?

Squire *Dau.* (*Aside*) I'll try to bring my self off, by laying it upon my self. (*to him*) Why Sir as you look like a very honest conscientious civil worthy Gentleman, I will e'en tell you the Truth, there's one Squire *Daudle*, a smart, handsome, pritty Gentleman, as any in this —

Sir *Amb.* You lye Sirrah, he's a little queer hatchet Face, pert, impudent, empty Puppy.

Squire *Dau.* Your Honour is pleas'd to be Merry.

Sir *Amb.* No Sirrah, I am pleas'd to be Serious, as you shall find, if you tell me not the Truth.

Squire *Dau.* Nay I'll tell you Truth Sir; the Squire who is very much of a Gentleman, imploy'd me to deliver this Letter, knowing I was bringing home the Lady's Shooes, and to tell you the Truth, he gave me a *Pistole* for my Pains.

Sir *Amb.* He did, well let me see that *Pistole*.

Squire *Dau.* (*Feels in his Pockets*) Curse on't how unlucky is this; (*he pulls out a Moeda*) Indeed Sir to tell the Truth, I lye, for it was not

not a *Pistole*, it was a *Moeda*; and there it is Sir.

Sir *Amb.* So much the better. — Come, now I will Reason with you; wer't thou such an arrant Puppy, as to imagine my Daughter Fool enough, to run away with such a worthless Rascal, as Squire *Dandle*? a Fellow of no Figure, no Principles, nor no Understanding; answer me that now. Speak freely, Rogue.

Squire *Dau.* Why truly Sir upon second Thoughts, I do think him but a sort of a kind of a, kind of a, sort of a, so so sort of a Gentleman. (*aside*) Is not this very hard now, that I must be forc'd to rail at my own dear Person.

Aur. If the Fellow speaks his Mind, he can't suppose that I would be a Party concern'd, in so ridiculous a Match.

Squire *Dau.* (*aside*) Ha! *adde*, I thought she wink'd, that is some Comfort still.

Aur. You cannot sure, think me such a Wretch.

Squire *Dau.* Oh no Madam.

Sir *Amb.* Nor me such a Dog, to part with a halfpenny, to so beggarly a poor *Marabout*.

Squire *Dau.* Oh no Sir.

Sir *Amb.* A Fellow of Yesterday, whose impertinent Mother sets up for Quality, because a Lord Lieutenant in a merry Mood, Knight-ed her Husband.

Squire *Dau.* 'Tis very true Sir, (*aside*) I will

get some body to murder him, for all this Scurrility.

Sir Amb. Now Sirrah how shall I use you?

Squire Dau. Use me, and shall please your Honour; I hope you have no use at all for me.

Sir Amb. Dost thou know Sirrah, that I can Hang thee, my Daughter is an Heiress; now that dismal Dog the *Squire*, has laid a Schema for stealing her, thou being an Accessary to the Fact, shall be hang'd as well as he.

Squire Dau. (*aside*) Pritty News truly, so all that is left to my Choice is, whether I will be hang'd as a Gentleman, or a Journey-man Shoemaker; this is a terrible old Dog—

(*to Sir Ambrose*) I beg your Honour, would show your Goodness, to a poor Mechanick, who was drawn into this Priming-Iron, by being mighty ignorant of the Law, and since your Worship has Pocketed the *Maeda*, it's plain I shall get nothing by it. (*aside*) Gad I act it so naturally, I defy him to find out who I am.

Sir Amb. I am resolv'd to Pay you most immoderately Sirrah (*offers to cane him, he runs behind Aurelia.*)

Aur. (*aside to Daudle,*) Be satisfied, I know who you are; bear it like a Man; turn your Back to him, and take his Blows with Courage.

Squire Dau. (*aside*) Ay dear sweet Creature, I can bear a great deal for you, but he strikes so very Hard,

Sir

Sir *Amb.* What is that you mutter Sirrah,
(*he strikes him.*)

Squire *Dau.* Oh Murder, Murder.

Enter Sir John Dareall.

Sir *Jo.* For Heaven's sake, what's the matter?

Sir *Amb.* Oh Sir *John*, I have made a fine Discovery here; this Fellow brought a Letter from the impertinent Puppey that accosted you to Day, he had formed a design of steal my Daughter.

Sir *Jo.* Why sure the little Baboon had not so much Impudence.

Squire *Dau.* (*aside*) My Rival too, must he Triumph over me; I have bad luck indeed; but *Aurelia* will prove kind, there's my Comfort still.

Sir *Jo.* Oh Sir *Ambrose*, don't put your self in a Passion about this insignificant Rascal, send him to Bridewell, duck him in the River, or toss him in a Blanket.

Squire *Dau.* (*aside*) The Devil take you for your good Advice.

Aur. (*aside*) They do Torment the poor Creature; and I know not how to bring him off.

Sir *Amb.* Well Sir *John*, to oblige you, let him be toss'd in a Blanket; here, whose below there?

Enter *Cash.*

Cash. Did you call, Sir *Ambrose*?

Sir

Sir *Amb.* Yes, get a Blanket and four Sturdy Fellows and let this dismal Rascal be well Toss'd in it.

Cash. Is he a Thief your Honour has taken? perhaps he had a design upon your Cash; he looks indeed like a Housebreaker, or rather like a Pickpocket: Exit *Cash.*

Squire *Dau.* (*aside*) Ay Mr. *Cash*, you'r a clever Fellow to lead a lame Dog over a Stile; what will my Lady Mother say to this Disgrace; and I dare not own my self to be I, least in his Passion, he sends me to New Gate; I have been often threatned with a Blanket, but never thought I should be Toss'd in one.

Enter *Cash* with a Blanket, and four Servants.

Cash. Here is *ditto* Blanket, which I have transfer'd into the Hands of these Fellows.

Sir *Amb.* Why then prithee Endorse him on the back of it (*Cash shoves him into the Blanket and the Fellows Toss him up, he leaps out and runs away*)

Squire *Dau.* Ah dear dear, a thousand Pound for a clear Stage. [*Exit running.*]

Sir *Amb.* Hang you Rogues, why did you not make fast the Door?

Sir *John.* So so, 'tis pritty well, and will frighten him from coming here again.

Sir *Amb.* Why prithee Man, it was the Squire himself, there lyes the Jest.

Cash. Good now, how he was Disguis'd, he look'd very much Defac'd, he was elipt of his Gen-

Gentility, and no Body would take him for current Coin in *ditto* Dress; you have no farther Orders for me, nor these Men Sir *Ambrose*, for I am somewhat in haste, about posting out of the Day Book into the Leidger.

Sir *Amb.* No you may go, but take care to examine every Body that comes into this House. (*Exeunt Cash and Servants.*) — You see *Aurelia*, what Tricks, are used, by the empty Fellows of this Town to ruin you, for what but ruin must follow your Marrying against my Inclinations.

Sir *John.* Ay what indeed Madam, your Fortune-hunters and Sharpers, have ten thousand Traps to catch a young Lady with.

Aur. 'Tis very true Sir.

Sir *Amb.* Why 'tis very hard Sir *John*, that I, who can give my Daughter ten thousand Pound down, cannot Sleep, for fear some Rascal or another should Steal her, and make her and himself Miserable.

Aur. I beg Sir, you will not be uneasy about my Conduct, 'tis time enough to complain, when I have done a foolish Action, I hope you don't think my Heart is engaged to Squire *Daudle*, or any other Coxcomb.

Sir *John.* (*Aside*) I'm glad to hear she has no engagement upon her Hands, (*to him*) in short Sir *Ambrose* I am desperately in Love with fair *Aurelia*.

Sir *Amb.* (*Aside*) As I could wish.

Sir *John.* Now if you think me worthy of being your Son in Law, give her what you please

please, and name what ever Settlement you think proper, and I will most eagerly comply with it, for I never met with so many Charms before.

Sir *Amb.* (*Aside*) See how unconcern'd the Bagage is! (*to her*) Why don't you strick Fire with your Eyes, Blush, and show an amorous Confusion. (*to him*) Sir *John* you do me, and my Daughter too much Honour; I must say, the Girl is Prudent, and knows when to be Wife; I shall use but few Ceremonys about the matter, Sir *John*, I will lay down ten thousand Pound, with some Trinkets, and Jewels that shall be Nameless; I will settle all I have at my Death on you, and the Heirs of her Body; and I will not be unkind in my Life time.

Aur. (*Aside*) Poor miserable Creature, 'tis dismal to hear the Bargain made.

Sir *John.* Most Generously offer'd Sir *Ambrose*, and not to be behind Hand with you, I will Joynter her in a thousand Pound a Year, settle *Hartwell* Hall on her, with all the Plate, and Jewels for her Life; and allow her 300 Pound a Year Pin Money.

Sir *Amb.* Fairly closed, Sir *John*, it is a Match. *Aurelea*, now my Heart's at ease, the long wish'd for Day is come, and I will put you into the Hands of one, who I doubt not will use you as Tenderly as I have done, Sir *John* take her.

Aur. What Sir, am I bargain'd for and sold to a Stranger, without ever being consulted in the matter.

Sir. Amb. Well observ'd *Aurelia*, there is some Decorum due to the Sex. *Sir John* I will leave you together, you and I have agreed our part of the Marriage, and as you are an accomplish'd fine Gentleman, there is no doubt to be made, but in one quarter of an Hour, you'll gain the Out-works to my Daughter's Heart, and take her Citadel Sword in Hand. (*aside to Sir John*) Look you *Sir John*, gain her consent if you can; but get it, or not get it, she shall be your Wife if you please. (*aside to Aurelia*) Hark you Child, I would have you do nothing against your Inclinations; but if your Inclinations run contrary to mine, you will be turn'd out of Doors; and you may go starve my Dear. (*to Sir John*) There's My Daughter *Sir John* with all her Sences, reason her out of 'em as fast as you can; make her beleive she is a Goddess, and you may do what you will with her mortal Body; praise her Understanding, ——— and you may soon make a Fool of her; admire her Shape, and you'll not find her, strait Lac'd; adore her Beauty, and she'll think every thing you do Handsome. Ah, when I was a young Fellow, I would make no more of getting the Consent of such a Girl as this, then I would of Dancing a *Cheshire* Round, or an *Irish* Jigg; it might

might put me out of Breath, but it was soon over; good luck to you Sir *John*—
Aurelia make him look like a Fool if you can. (Exit.

Sir John. Well Madam, I am left here to know my Doom from you; a few Words, utter'd from the delightful Engine of your thoughts, raises me into Life, or sink's me into Atoms.

Aur. This is a mighty stiff pendantck Stile, I suppose 'tis a set Speech, got by heart, on purpose to make love with, in a Rediculous manner.

Sir John. Very well Madam, that is as much as to say you do not like this manner of Courtship, perhaps I know as many ways to a Lady's Heart as any one.

Aur. That's fine indeed; pray how many Ways may there be? upon my Word, if you find the Way to mine, it must be by a Road that I know nothing on.

Sir John. Nay fair Lady, if you resolve to be Obstinate, my Rethorick will signifie but little, tell me the Honour you'll be Courted in, and I will put on that Shape; now you must know, some Lady's are Captivated by a Man's admiring himself, and being full of his own Praises; will this do Madam.

Aur. No.

Sir John. Some doate upon a Man, meerly out of Revenge, to another Lady that likes him, and they often Marry out of Pride and Vanity,

Vanity, and to show the World that the Fellow was at their Disposal.

Aur. Rediculous Revenge.

Sir John. I have known a Lady, fall in love with a Coach and six fine *Flanders Mares*, and for their sakes, has married the Baboon they carry'd; notwithstanding she and all the World despised him.

Aur. Much good may do her with her Equipage.

Sir John. There are Madam, a thousand other trifling Ways, by which the foolish part of your Sex are taken; but a Woman of your good Sence and Breeding, must be attack'd in a most refin'd manner, I beg you would beleive my sole Happiness is placed on you, there is nothing on Earth I would not do, to gain your Love.

Aur. (*Aside*) Oh if I mistake not to gain any thing else, (*to him*) This Sir is a very solemn Thing, and requires some consideration, I beg you will give me till the Morning to decide my Doom, I have at present a little Buifness, which requires your absence; if you love, you will not scruple to Obey.

Sir John. I am all Obedience, and so proud of your Commands, that tho' 'tis a great alloy to my present Satisfaction, I comply with Joy.

(*Exit.*)

Enter, at the other Door, Herriot.

Her. Oh my dearest Lady, I have been watching this half Hour to speak to you, my Mother

Mother must need see you at her House this Afternoon.

Aur. My dear *Herriot* it is impossible; my Father has forbid me ever going there again.

Her. Ay but Madam, that dear sweet Gentleman *Mr. Townly* will be there.

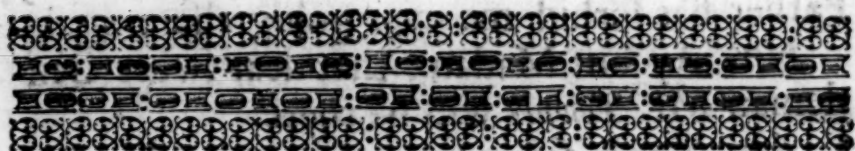
Aur. Speak softly, come to my Chamber, where I will take such Resolutions as I dare.

Exit Ambo.

End of the second ACT.

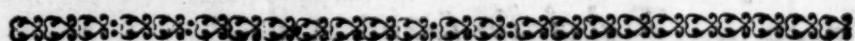


ACT



ACT III.

SCENE Sir Ambrose's Hall.



Enter Squire Daudle, in Womens Cloaths.

Squire **S**O, so, the Devil's in it, if they disco-
 Dau. **S**ver me in this Disguise ; let me see,
 my *Patches*, my *Paint*, my *Pomatum*, my *Beau-*
ty wash, my *black Combs*, for *red Hair* ; *Spanish-*
Wool, for *pale Complexions*,——*Ratafee* for *La-*
dies troubl'd with the *Vapours* ; *false Tours*,
 for the *Madam* turn'd of *Fifty* ; and *false Teeth*,
 for the *Bawd* of *threescore*——*Prayer Books*,
 for *repenting Sinners*, and *Play Things*, for
Girls of *Twenty* : Well this *Mrs. Go-Between*,
 has furnish'd me with every thing necessary,
 and this *Intrigue* comeing so soon upon the
Neck of the other, can never be suspected to
 belong to the same *Person*, by which means
 I may the better execute my *Design* ; I am
 convinc'd *Aurelia* loves me, for when all the
 Family laugh'd heartily at me, she did but
 Grin, and Smile, and put on an affected
 Joy

Joy, for fear of her Father ; could I but get an opportunity of speaking to her alone, she would Blush, hide her Face, hold her Tongue, and fetch her Breath very short ; whilst I jump into her Arms, with the Extasies of an *Alexander*, imprint ten Thousand Kisses upon her dear tender Lips, press her to run away with me, Marry her, whilst her Blood is in a Hurry, go to Bed to her, and send her Father notice of it ; he comes and surprizes us, we jump out of Bed naked ; flap down on our Knees ; she crys, he melts, I profess my extravagancy of Passion, he curses us a little, considers a good deal ; at last blesses us both, and drives us into Bed again with some comfortable Promises ; upon which I get him a Grandson, rise early to pay the Dummers and Fidlers, and so become the Town talk for a Month : Ay these are to be the Circumstances exactly. But who comes here ; 'tis *Lettice*, *Aurelia's* Maid : I must make her my Confidant.

Enter *Lettice*.

Let. Who would you speak with, good Woman.

Squire *Dau.* Your Servant fair Lady ; I was desir'd, by Mrs *Love Toy*, and my Lady Dowager *Trinket*, to call upon Madam *Aurelia*, with some little Toys, and Trifles : I presume you are pritty Mrs. *Lettice*, Madam *Aurelia's* Companion &c. I humbly beg leave, as a token of my Love and Respects, to present you

you with this little *Tortoise Shell* Patch Box, made in the shape of a Heart, it is fill'd with your nice cut Patches, such as your *Stars*, your half *Moons*, and your great *Whig* and *Tory* ones.

Let. And pray Honey, what am I to do for this fine Present?

Squire Dau. Mrs. *Lettice*, 'tis our Method in *England*, when we would gain the good Will of the Lady, we always make Presents to the Confidant; you must know all my Rarities are right *English*.

Let. Oh dear, *English*; I am mighty fond of your *English* Things; I will call my Lady to see all your *English* Things.

Exit Lettice.

Squire Dau. Here's a Jade now; it is not above two Years ago, since she was taken out of an *Irish* Cabbin, with her Broags on, and yet begins to dispise her own Country, and is fond of every thing that's *English*; I will turn her away for that, the Moment I marry *Aurelia*: I think we have Enemy's enough abroad, without encouraging those within our selves——but see the fair Object of my Heart's desire.

Enter Aurelia, and Lettice.

Let. Indeed Madam, but you must see 'em, 'tis a Woman from *England* Madam.

Aur. I have things of Consequence in my Head, I have no Time to throw away on Trifles.

Squire

Squire *Dau.* (*aside*) I hope one of these things of Consequence in her Head, is my Person ; I have no mind to make my self known before this Hussy, for she that would betray her own Country, would no doubt betray me.

Aur. Good Woman ; my Maid tells me, you are sent hither by Mrs. *Love-Toy*, and the Lady Dowager *Trinker*. I should be glad on their Accounts to do you any Service ; but I have occasion for very few Things that you sell.

Squire *Dau.* Thank your good Ladyship, it is a great deed of Charity to lay out a Penny with me, for I am a poor decay'd Gentlewoman,

Aur. (*aside*) By the awkward Appearance she makes, her Gentility looks pritty much decayed ——— truly ——— (*to him*), you look as if you had met with Trouble.

Squire *Dau.* Ay Madam, I am not the same thing I was ; I fell in Love with a Rake of a Husband, that had three or four Wives besides me, and he used us all very sadly ; very sadly indeed. ——— Will your Ladyship be pleased to look over my Toys, I have the prittiest *Flanders-Edging* for Wedding night Cloaths, that ever your Ladyship saw. (*aside*) Now I shall discover whether she has a mind to be Married or not.

Aur. Good Woman, no Wedding night Cloaths for me ; a winding Sheet will best become me.

Squire *Dau.* (*aside*) Excellent Intrigue, now for a touch of me. (*to her*) I hope your Ladyship is not crossed in Love. H *Au.*

Aur. If I obey my Father, I am not to marry the Man I like.

Squire Dau. (aside) Very well, the Man she likes is me that's most certain. *(to her)* Ah Madam, I married in obedience to my Father's commands but it ruined me, therefore I never would advise any young Lady to obey their Parents, against their own Inclinations.

Let. A notable Woman this.——

Enter Sir Ambrose.

Sir Amb. Aurelia where are you—— I have been searching all over the House for you, *(seeing Daudle)* how now, What Woman's this?

Squire Dau. (Aside) What a damn'd un-uckey Bitch am I.

Let. Sir 'tis a poor decay'd English Gentlewoman, that sells your Patches, and Fanns, and ——

Sir Am. And Reputations I suppose, one of those modest Conveniences, that set young People together by the —— in short a match making Bawd; —— Ha, *Aurelia.*

Squire Dau. (Aside) So, the Storm begins, I am a dead Man.

Aur. I do not know what she is indeed Sir.

Sir Amb. How came she here then.—— Hark you Woman —— who in the Devils name are you? —— from whence came you? and who sent you?

Squire Dau. Why and it shall please your Worship.——

Sir

Sir *Amb.* Woman that I may set you right in your Speeches, know what ever you say, it shall not please my Worship.

Squire *Dau.* (*Aside*) Why then, whether I talk like a Man, or a Woman, it will be the same case to me. (*to him*) My business here Sir, was only to vend a few Trifles, I am what they call a walking Merchant, one that gets my living by the sweat of my Brows.

Sir *Amb.* By sweat of other Peoples Brows you mean; I warrant you have in that Box Billet Deaux of all sorts and sizes, thou art hier'd by impudent young Fellows to help 'em to steal Foolish young Wenches; but let me tell thee Woman, thou shalt not carry on thy Trade here; and that thou mayest never have any encouragement to come again, I will use you so as that you shall tremble at the sight of my House.

Squire *Dau.* (*Aside.*) What an unfortunate Dog am I, what an unluckly turn is here of an Intrigue, which I thought the best I ever invented in all my Life.

Sir *Amb.* Hearkey Hufsey, what's that you mutter? Ha (*he takes hold of his Shoulder.*)

Squire *Dau.* (*trembling*) Non non nothing Sir.

Aur. Pray Sir, don't use the Woman ill, upon my word she came in but a Moment before you.

Squire *Dau.* (*aside*) Ah the dear Creature; ten to one but she has found me out; oh how I should admire her Wit, could she but bring me off.

Sir

Sir *Amb.* Come come, let me see what you have got in this Box of yours, (*rummaging he find's some Letters*) What Letters are these? (*he Reads*) To Mrs. Gobetween. — Oh that's your Name I suppose, is it not Madam?

Squire *Dau.* (*Aside*) What shall I say now; — a damn'd careless Bitch, what made her leave her Letters to me — I warrant there's some Hellish Intrigue or another, that I shall be tofs'd in a Blanket for; but I must own it (*to him*) Yes, Sir, my Name is Gobetween, at your Service.

Sir *Amborfe* READS:

DEAR Iniquity, (*speaks*) That I suppose is your Sir Name? (*Reads on*) the Husband I spoke to you about, is this Moment gone down to Rings-end, therefore haste to the dear charming Creature, and let her know, if she will be walking up Cable-street, I will overtake her in a Hack, and we will spend the Evening together at a certain House near the Worlds-end, where little Company uses to come, make haste, for I waite impatiently for an Answer.

Tours intirely,

Macshameless.

(*He speaks*) your Servant Mrs. Gobetween.

Aur. Oh impudent Creature, how had she the Face to come within these Doors.

Squire *Dau.* (*Aside*) Ah poor Nehemiah, I suppose I shall be Carted for a Bawd.

Sir *Amb.* What a luckey Discovery I have made.

READS

READS another Letter.

DEAR Gobetween, wait upon my Lord, I hear he is very flush of Money, perswade him I have Elop'd from my Husband somewhere in the North. ——— The Counsellor before he turn'd me off Equip'd me with very handsome Cloaths, and my Lodgings are Genteel, upon my Honour I am Sound; for I have lain with no one but the Brig. — this two Months; manage this matter well, and Poz you shall go halves; my Lord talk'd a great deal to me in the Lettice last Play Night, I know he likes my Colour, and he praised my Hand and Neck.

I am your faithful Friend,

Betty Brim.

(Sir Ambrose speaks to him) Your humble
Servant Mrs. Bawd.

Squire Dau. (*Aside*) Ay 'tis all out, I am an unluckey Bawd truly.

Aur. Monsterous unheard of Impudence!

Let. Well these English are a cunning People, what Ways they can find out to get Money:

Sir Ambrose READS.

MOther Gobetween. I am certain she has two thousand Pound, give her the Letter, but don't let her know I am turn'd out of the Army, you may call me Major, or Colonel which you will, what's done must be quick, for my Taylor swears he will Arrest me before Saturday Night, you know I am not worth a Groat, and if I am sent to Goal, there I must lye,
if

If I succeed you shall certainly have a hundred Pound.

*I am dear, dear Bitchington,
your Child and Servant,*

O. RAKEISH.

Squire *Dau.* (*Aside*) My damn'd confounded Stars have done very clever things for me.

Sir *Amb.* Lettice send a Servant to call a Constable. (*Exit Lettice.*)

Now Madam, if you will be so ingenious as to confess who sent you hither, and what your Arrant was, perhaps you shall only be drawn through the River Liffey, and turn'd loose to the raging Mobb; but if you do not discover, you shall march in Pomp to New-Gate, in order to be tryed for your Life the next Term.

Squire *Dau.* In truth I shall come off badly either Way, for he's a very inveterate old Fellow, I will e'en confess who I am, Enter into Bonds that I will never trouble his House nor Daughter again, and perhaps I may come off with whole Bones (*he kneels*) Sir *Ambrose* on my Knees I beg your Pardon.

Sir *Amb.* Ay Hussey; but that will not do now.

Squire *Dau.* I am no Hussey,——but your unfortunate Neighbour Squire *Daudle*.

Sir *Amb.* (*Aside*) Upon my Conscience and so it is.

Aur. Ah, poor Squire.

Squire

Squire *Dau.* I cannot but own indeed Sir *Ambrose*, that I borrowed (that wicked Woman) Mrs. *Gobetween's* Cloaths, and Box of Trinkets; but upon my Honour and Honeſty, I knew nothing of theſe wicked Letters.

Sir *Amb.* (*Aside*) Ay, but you ſhall pay for all. (*to him*) Here's a conſummate Impudence, to pretend ſhe is my Neighbour, Mr. *Nehemiah Daudle*; he is indeed a Coxcomb, and often guilty of your impertinent Frolicks; but would you Woman, make me beleive he would countenance ſuch flagrant Rogueries as theſe; no no, if thou haſt no other excuſe to make, thou muſt march to the Black dog.

Squire *Dau.* Upon my Conſcience 'tis I Sir *Ambroſe*, (*he pulls of his Head-Cloaths*) as you may ſee here.

Aur. A very diſmal Lover.

Sir *Amb.* Woman, I am Deaf to all thou can'ſt ſay, and Blind to all thou can'ſt ſhow me.

Squire *Dau.* Dear ſweet Mrs. *Aurelia*, do but feel me, it is an eaſy matter to diſtinguiſh between a Man and Woman.

Aur. Oh ſoh, you wicked Woman, I would not touch you for all the World.

Enter Sir *John Dareall*, *Lettice*, *Conſtable*, and *Cab.*

Sir *John.* Hey Day, what Figure have we got here.

Sir *Amb.* Another trick upon my Daughter Sir *John*, this is a Match-making Bawd.

Squire

Squire *Dau.* (*Aside*) What my Rival here again, I have hard Luck indeed, to be twice Disgraced before him.

Sir *Amb.* Here Constable, carry this wicked Woman to Justice *Quibas*, tell him I will be with him in a Moment. *Cash* go you long with her.

Squire *Dau.* Ah pray dear Sir *Ambrose*, do not disgrace me at this Rate ; pray good Sir *John* perswade him.

Sir *John.* Me Woman, how canst thou expect any Favour from me ; what, to Enter into a Combination to steal my Mistress from me ; I will see thee trounc'd, if it cost me a thousand Pound.

Squire *Dau.* I tell you I am no Woman, I protest you would almost provoke one to show all one has. Pray dear Mrs. *Aurelia*, put in one Word for me.

Aur. Go you vile shameless Creature, you ought to be made an Example on.

Squire *Dau.* Mrs. *Lettice*, have you no interest with your Master ? — nor you Mr. *Cash*.

Let. Ah pah upon the Hussy.

Cash. Woman, I will attend thee to the Black-dog, and take care when I deliver thee, to have a Receipt in full for thee.

Sir *Amb.* Away with her, she grows odious to my Sight, (*the Constable, Cash, Servants, and Lettice, haul him.*)

Squire *Dau.* (*Crys out*) Murdet, Murder, I am no Bawd. I am Gentleman, good Mr. Constable.

Con.

Con. Come along, if you can turn your self into a Gentleman, you shall be hang'd for being a Witch.

[*Exeunt pulling him out.*]

Sir Amb. So I shall fright the little Rascal sufficiently. *Sir John*, you see how I am plagued and pester'd upon the Account of my Daughter; I profess I have so good an Opinion of you, that I shall take your Word about the Settlement, and therefore beg you may be married this Night.

Sir John. (*aside*) This offers as I could wish. (*to him*) I shall comply *Sir Ambrose*, with a great deal of Joy and Raptures; but the young Lady has desir'd till to Morrow to give me her Answer.

Sir Amb. Her Answer! to what —— have not you and I agreed all Matters, is it not her Interest to have you; and is it not obeying my Commands.

Aur. Sir, you have always been a most indulgent Parent to me, and therefore I hope you will not act a Violence, and force me against my Inclinations.

Sir Amb. Inclinations! a pritty Story truly; have you any Inclinations Madam, to be turn'd out of Doors?

Aur. Sir I had much rather beg my Bread; from Door to Door, then marry the Man I cannot like.

Sir Amb. Not like Hussy! pray show me what it is you dislike in *Sir John*; I faith I think him a proper handsome fine Gentleman;

I

come

come, come, there's more at the Bottom of this, than we can dive into; I suppose this Squire *Daudle*, came hither by your Appointment; but I will go this Moment and have him punish'd most Shamefully. Come along Sir *John* (*he goes but returns again*). Hark you I suppose your Trigramate, Mrs. *Friendless*, is concern'd in these Intrigues of yours.

—— See her again if you dare. ——

Prepare to be married to Sir *John*, when I come Home again, or pack up your Awls and be gone.

Exit with Sir John.

Aur. So my Catastrophe is Winding up ——
Townly is the Man that's certain; at four a-Clock I have promis'd to meet him at the Widdows; 'tis very plain I cannot be happy, without being Disobedient, —— and yet I cannot expect any happiness, whilst I am so; my Father is for driving me into what I think Misery; I to avoid this, may run my self into worse Trouble; I cannot like Sir *John*; and to be forced, is dreadful. I love *Townley*, and have swore to Marry him —— but then my Father won't give us one Farthing, —— why then we are the less beholding to him, —— 'tis better liveing in a Cottage, with the Man we love, then in a Coach and Six, with him we hate; —— 'tis the first Offence I e'er committed against my Father's Inclinations —— but then, I comply with the dear Man who I design shall be my Husband —— and Wives must obey their Husbands. ——
 So dear Sir *Ambrose*, 'tis given against you ——
 and

and I'll to the Widdow's, good luck attend me.— *Exit.*

SCENE *draws to the Street, Aurelia crosses the Stage, as she goes into the Widdows.*

Enter Sir Ambrose.

Sir *Amb.* Mercy on me ! is not that *Aurelia* going into the cursed Widdow's House, notwithstanding my Commands to the contrary. ——— Oh Woman, Woman, what a world of Woes canst thy Resolutions run thee into. ——— I will never see her Face again. ——— She shall never darken my Doors, that's certain, ——— I warrant she's to meet some beggarly Rascal there, it cannot be *Daudle*, I have him secure. ——— I have a great Mind to set fire to the House, and burn 'em altogether ; what if I should enter softly, and listen, I may make some discoverys that may be worth my while, ——— if I find out their Tricks and Contrivances, I shall go near to Murder 'em all, ——— this thing most certainly will break my Heart ——— I wish I don't run Mad, ——— methinks I begin to be Distracted. ——— Ungrateful *Aurelia*. — I must be reveng'd of her, ——— I shall do some very rash Thing in my Passion, for I find the Devil very strong in me.

He Enters the Widdow's House.

SCENE

SCENE Draws, and Discovers
 VViddow *Frindleſs*, *Herriot*
 and *Aurelia*.

Aur. You ſee my dear Friend how hardly I'm attack'd ; upon which I am reſolved to Marry *Townley*, and run all hazards ; methinks 'tis ſtrange he is not come.

Her. I warrant you he's punctual to the Time, it wants ſeveral Minutes of Four yet.

Friend. I wiſh it was well over ; my Heart trembles for you both.

Her. Oh dear Mamma, you'r ſtrangely Fearful, you had more Spirit ſure, when my Father run away with you.

Friend. Oh Child, that raſh Action of mine I have pay'd ſeverely for.

Her. You have no reaſon to complain, I am ſure whiſt my Father lived, he loved you well ; and my good dear honey Lady, has amply ſupply'd your wants ſince. Heark, I hear ſome Body in the Entry, I am ſure it is the dear Man *Townley*. (*as ſhe goes to the Door, Enter Sir Ambroſe, without ſeeing him ſhe ſpeaks*) Oh Sir are you come.

Sir Amb. Yes yes, I am come, with a Vengeance to you all.

Aur. Oh Heavens ! my Father.

Her (*Aſide*) deuce take the ugly old Thing, how he has frightned me.

Friend. This is what I always fear'd, now I am compleatly Miſerable.

Sir

Sir *Amb.* So so I read guilt in every Countenance; where is this Minion, this Rascal, you ungrateful Hussey, I'll Murder the Dog, if he be above Ground.

Her. (Aside.) Oh dear how my Heart flutters for fear *Townly* should come unarm'd. I wish he could but kill this ugly, old, ungentle Thing.

Sir *Amb.* *Aurelia*, I have strong inclinations for ripping you up, and seeing your Heart's Blood. I advise you to make all the speed you can out of my sight.

Aur. I am so confounded Sir, I know not what to say.

Sir *Amb.* And I am so confounded, I know not what to do; but Vengeance I will have, without speaking one Word more, begone, least I should —

Aur. I will obey you Sir. *(aside)* Ah poor *Townley*, how will my poor Friend and her Daughter suffer on my Account, miserable *Aurelia*. *(Exit.*

Sir *Amb.* Well Mrs. *Original Sin*, and Mrs. *Actual Transgression*, what have you to say for your selves, how came you to harbour my Daughter, against my positive Commands, and Inclinations,

Friend. It ne'er was thought a Crime, that we know off, to enjoy your Daughters Company; it was to us the greatest Blessing; by her Charity and Goodness, we have been supported, and the burthen of our Afflictions have been made easy by her Conversation; had we

we known it was your Commands, she should not see us, we had inviolably obeyed 'em—— Compassionate our Misfortunes Sir *Ambrose*, you are Blest with a most plentiful Fortune, consider how beautiful is Charity, how pleasant is it to releive the Miserable, and have the Prayers of the Widow, and the Orphan. (*she kneels.*)

Her. (*kneeling on the other side.*) See two miserable Supplicants, imploreing of your Aid: Pity a poor Fatherless, distressed, young Creature.

Friend. My Father was a Gentleman, and your Friend; he never thought his Daughter would be so reduc'd, to beg an Alms. Good Sir be Generous, and forgive what's past.

Sir *Amb.* (*aside*) My Daughter is certainly most to blame, and I will be reveng'd of her for her Undutifulness, and despiseing of the Match, the happy Match I had provided for her, what can she be so fond of this Woman for, she seems agreeable indeed, and of a sweet Disposition. Suppose I should cloy my Daughter with her Company, take her home to my own House, and Marry her—— I cannot have a cordial Love for the stubborn stiff Necked Jade *Aurelia*.—— I am young enough to get Children, and this Woman is young enough to breed 'em for me—— perhaps I may have a Son—— what comfort would that be in my old Age, there's no other way of punishing *Aurelia* effectually, but this—— it shall be so—— it is resolved——

Her.

Her. (Aside) Deuce take him for making me Kneel so long *(to him)* Let your Heart melt with Pity and Compassion towards us; you shall always have our Prayers Sir.

Friend. Tears and Prayers are all, alas, we have to give.

Sir Amb. Arise Madam, I own your pitiful Condition, has touch'd the tender Strings about my Heart; you have many Charms, and I resolve to make you happy, I have agreed to Marry *Aurelia* out of Hand to *Sir John Dareall*, I shall then be left alone, I want a House-keeper, and a Nurse; give me your Hand Widdow, and in exchange, take my Heart; I mean, that you shall be my VVife.

Friend. Sir.

Sir Amb. Nay no words, I am honest and sincere; send for a Parson it shall be done this Moment, and I will carry you home in Splendor.

Her. Oh by all means dear Mother;—
Sir Ambrose I will fetch the Parson, he lodges but at next Door, *(aside)* Oh dear to be a Lady, and ride in a Coach of ones own.

Sir Amb. Make haste my Dear, and I'll prove the best of Fathers to you.

Her. And I the best of Daughters, *Sir Ambrose*, I will bring him this Moment. *Exit.*

Friend. (Aside) Who knows the Secret but we two; he knows he ne'er can show his Face within this Kingdom again, and ten to one he Dies abroad; the West-Indies is a Sickly Place it shall be so.

Sir

Sir Amb. Well my Hearts delight, are you resolved to make me Happy?

Friend. Indeed *Sir Ambrose* your proposal is Romantick, and I can scarce beleive you are in Earnest.

Sir Amb. Upon the Faith and Conscience of a Man, all I have said is Truth, and I will Marry you Instantiously.

Friend. You cannot think me so Imprudent as to refuse a Happiness like this; I know my own unworthyness, its true; but what is that to your unbounded Generosity and Goodness.

Sir Amb. Well said Widdow; I promise you, what e'er I want in Youth and Vigour shall be made up to you in tenderness and Friendship, and your Daughter *Herriot* shall be my constant Care.

Enter *Herriot*

Her. Oh *Sir Ambrose*, I have found him, he's in the next Room looking out the Words that are to link you fast Together.

Sir Amb. Come on then Widdow; may happiness attend us both; 'tis Pity *Aurelia* is not here an Eye witness; perhaps poor Girl, we shall have her dispute the Marriage.

Her. Never fear her *Sir Ambrose*; she'll be overjoy'd I will send her word immetiately.

Friend This is a happyness I never Dream't on, I wish I don't Dream now.

Her. The Parson waites *Sir Ambrose*.

Sir *Amb.* I am as Impatient as he can be;
my dear, my kind, my charming Widdow.

he leads her out.

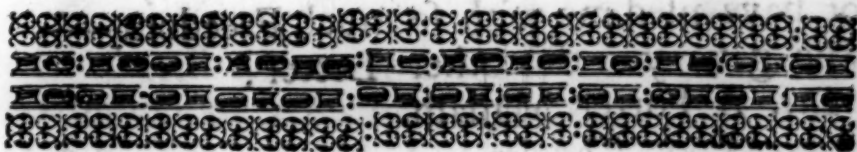
Her. Oh what an Extasie am I in; to be
my Lady *Wealthy's* Daughter but then the
Coach.

*To flaunt it on the Strand, or in the Ring,
Oh Equipage, is a delightfull Thing.*

*I shall have Money, Wit, a shape, and Air,
And E'ry day, a Coxcomb shall Despair.*

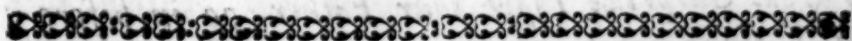
*When poor — I was, but So, and so, at Most,
But now a Fortune grown, I am a Toast.*

End of the third ACT.



ACT IV.

SCENE Sir *Ambrose's* House.



Enter Aurelia, and Lettice.

Aur. **T**His is surprising News indeed, I
can scarce beleive my Eyes let
me Read it once more.

K

She

She READS.

M*Y* dearest Sister for so I now to my great Joy must call you, for some few Minutes since, your Father was married to my Mother; and we are Preparing to come home in Splendour, he having sent for his Coach, I give you this early Notice that my dear Aurelia, may get all Things in a readiness for our Reception.

I am most tenderly and most affectionately, your loving Sister;

Herriot.

Well dear Sir *Ambrose*, you have reveng'd your self most heartily upon me for my Undutifullness.

Let. Laud Madam sure you don't beleive one word of this, Sir *Ambrose* cannot be so silly.

Aur. Go Fool, I know 'tis true they dare not have used me with so much Freedom,—Who gave you this other Letter?

Let. A Porter Madam.

Aur. Poor Townley.

She READS:

D*E*ar Charmer as I was coming (according to our appointment) to Mrs. Friendless, to my great Surprize I saw your Father, go in before me; I am in great concern for fear he should have made some discovery, and use my dear Aurelia ill, let me know as soon as Possible, and when I am to be the Happy happy.

Townley:

Heaven

Heaven knows that, this Marriage will make great alterations in my Affairs.

Let. Oh Madam; yonder's Sir *John* coming this Way.

Enter Sir *John Dareall*.

Sir *John*. Your Servant dear *Aurelia*, there is the oddest Story reported at the Coffee-house about Sir *Ambrose*, that ever yet was heard, 'tis said he's Married to a Woman not worth a Groat, one who he Mortally hated, and allway's forbid you keeping Company with her, Scandal fly's about her Strangely.

Aur. Indeed Sir *John*. there is no Scandal in that Story 'tis every word on't real matter of Fact.

Sir *John*. The Devil it is, pray of what age is she?

Aure. Young enough to have many Children I will assure you — she has one fine Daughter by a former Husband.

Sir *John*. (*Aside*) Why then my Cake's Dough, there's no gameing in Town, that can support me, my Equipage and Title will be of litle service to me, therefore I may ship my self for *England*, for I suppose this silly old Rascal, will have enough to do with his Money, now *Aurelia* will have little of it, (*to her*) methinks you look very well pleased upon this bad New's fair Lady.

Aur. I am very much rejoyced at it Sir.

Sir *John*. How Madam, rejoyced! for what I pray?

Aur.

Aur. In obedience to my Fathers inclinations, I am very well satisfy'd, but the Lady he has Married, is the only friendly Intimate I have, and what is the greatest pleasure of all to me, I that was tired out of my Life, about Marriage, and the fear of being Stole, may now be trusted out alone, I shall be brought down to a moderate Fortune for a private Gentlewoman, and never will be forced to marry the Man I don't like.

Sir *John*. Meaning me, I suppose Madam?

Aur. Why to be free with you Sir *John*, I was engaged long before I saw your Face, to one, who will not be alarm'd, or surpriz'd about my Fortune, as you seem to be.

Sir *John*. Who I Madam! I may be concern'd, for you or that matter, but upon my Honour Madam, I am so Smitten with your Charms, that provided your Father will but give you half a dozen Irish Smocks, and a stript stuff Gown and Peticoate, I shall envy no Monarch's glory, but think I've touch'd the highest Pinnacle of happiness.

Aur. A perfect Courtier Sir, full of Words and very unsincere.

Let. (*Aside*) It is pity she's engaged to *Townley*, for realey now Sir *John*'s a fine spoken Man, and if I were she, I should cry a Fig for my first Engagement, and take the Baronet at his Word, the very thoughts of being a Lady, would make me false Hearted sooner then any thing in all the World.

Enter

Enter Sir Ambrose, Lady Wealthy, and Herriot.

Sir Amb. Lady *Wealthy*, I wish you joy of your new Apartment, (*he salutes her*) this House is yours, and every Person belonging to it at your Command : Come my pritty Daughter in Law, let me salute you ; your welcome here upon my Word. (*Espying Sir John, and Aurelia*) Sir *John*, your most humble Servant ; I have stole a Wedding ; you little thought I should have been Married before you, that is my Lady Sir, (*presenting him to Lady Wealthy*) and that is my pritty Daughter in Law———Oh ! my dutiful and most obedient Daughter *Aurelia*, are you there ?

Aur. I hope good Sir, you'll pardon me for my late Offence.

Sir Amb. Pardon thee ! ay, ay, I pardon thee with all my heart Child ; I found your immoderate Love of this Lady here, got the better of your Duty to me ; therefore, I have found out a way to please us both, and now I am not uneasy if you love her as well as you do me ; you may continue with her all Day, and if you please, she is your Mother-in-Law ; Child you may ask her Blessing, and perhaps, you will obey her, tho' you would not me.

Aur. Madam, it is with a great deal of Joy, I see you Mistress of this House.

Lady Weal. Thank you my dear *Aurelia*,
——I dare swear it Child : Come Sir *Am-*

brose

brose, you must forgive what's past ; it is our Wedding Day.

Her. My dear *Aurelia*, I rejoyce to see you.

Sir John. (*aside*) How unconcerned she appears.

Aur. My dear *Herriot*, I allways had a fondness for you, which this Alliance will rivet faster.

Sir Amb. *Sir John*, methinks you look amazed at this sudden Match, I am a Man of Credit still, my Word's my Bond ; get but *Aurelia's* Consent, and the ten Thousand Pound, shall be forthcoming, at a Moment's warning.

Lady Weal. (*aside*) Ten thousand Pound ! what will be *Herriot's* Fortune then — I never will agree to that (*to him*) *Sir Ambrose*, I have a tender Love for poor *Aurelia* ; I beg she may follow her own Inclinations, (*aside*) I know her passionate Love for *Townly* ; give her but Opportunitys, and shee'll run away with him, and so be disinherited.

Sir Amb. Well my dear Lady, I shall leave all to your management, but pray let *Sir John* have fair Play, let him win her if he can.

Lady Weal. (*aside*) I like the Gentleman, he may be a good Match for *Herriot* — (*to him*) Nay *Sir Ambrose*, I only advise, I don't direct, *Sir John* shall allways find a Friend of me.

Aur. (*aside*) How's this ?

Enter

Enter Cash the Musick playing without.

Sir *Amb.* What noise is that without there?

Cash. Upon my Credit Sir *Ambrose*, such a din I never heard before; there is the Drums, Trumpets, Fiddlers, and Bagpipes; all come to wish you joy of your Wedding — I must observe to you Sir *Ambrose*, that since the news of your Marriage, your Bills are brought very fast to our Shop.

Sir *Amb.* Well Sir, I suppose the *Cash* will Answer.

Cash. I hope so, (*aside*) for if it won't, I doubt your Wives Portion will scarce reach it out. (*to him*) What must I do Sir *Ambrose* to still this raging Noise?

Sir *Amb.* Why give 'em five Pistoles, and send 'em packing 'tis an impertinent Custom, but they have pleaded it Time out of Mind.

Exit Cash.

Sir *John.* Faith Sir *Ambrose*, I should be glad to pay upon the like Occasion, if fair *Aurelia* would prove less Cruel —

(*a noise without*)

Enter Cash.

Cash. Why I was going to pay the five Pistoles, as per Order, but can have no receipt for the Money, they will not trust one another; so I can get no Voucher, your speaking to me is no Order, without I have it to show under your Hand.

Sir

Sir *Amb.* Give 'em the Money, and I will sign the Order.

(*Exeunt Sir Ambrose and Cash.*)

Sir *John.* I will follow him, and push this matter home, Lady's your Servant for a Moment.

(*Exit Sir John.*)

Lady *Weal.* This is a very disagreeable Fellow *Aurelia*, thou shalt never have him Child, let me alone to perswade your Father from it, but come Daughter, for so stands the case now, when I was only your Friend, and out of Gratitude oblig'd to comply with your's and *Townley's* request, I could not well give my own sentiments of that Affair, but as a Parent I must command you never to see him more, you are very near my Heart, therefore I will not be privy to your Ruin.

Aur. This is most surprising Madam!

Lady *Weal.* Ah! so was marrying of your Father, Child.

Her. Come *Aurelia*, you have allway's been Preaching me up to a Duty to my Mother, now she is your Parent Child, and therefore pray show me a good Example.

Lady *Weal.* Don't stare so *Aurelia*, you see the ascendant I have over your Father, study but to please me, and your business is done Child, you shall not want a handsome Fortune, provided you marry the Man I like: *Townly's* a Beggar Child, I will never consent to marry you to a Beggar.

Aur. I Protest Madam.——

Lady *Weal.* Hold there *Aurelia*, don't begin your

your Speeches with so much warmth Child, not but I shall give you very great Freedoms, when we are alone together ; but as there is a Duty, and a Decorum due to me as your Father's Wife, I must expect it from you.

Her. You know Sister, my Mother is apt to be very passionate, I have felt the weight of her Hand often ; therefore pray *Aurelia* don't provoke her, least we both lye under her Resentment.

Lady Weal. Ay thou dear sweet temper'd best of Creatures, let but *Aurelia* take example from thee, and you will share my Heart together ; I must own I don't love Contradiction, that's all the failings I have ; therefore, if you would win my Heart, say as I do — that's all —

Aur. But Madam —

Lady Weal. But *Aurelia* — but is generally the beginning of an Argument, and when a Parent suffers a Child to argue with her ; where's Duty ? where's Decency ? where's good Manners ? no ! I can suffer any Thing but that, therefore pray let us wave the discourse. I think you have a pritty good fancy in Cloaths *Aurelia*, I design to buy a fine cherry colour'd Damask, with what shall I line it ?

Aur. (*Aside*) So I am born to be Miserable, but litle thought I should have met with this sort of Misery.

Lady Weal. Look you *Aurelia*, when I condescend to ask your advice, I expect an Answer immediately.

L

Aur.

Aur. I beg your pardon Madam : I understand dress very little, but in my Opinion I should line it with a *cherry colour'd Lute-string*.

Her. Oh fye upon your awkward fancy Sister ; such a lining is only fit for an old Woman ; if I might be thought a Judge, I would advise your Ladyship to a *white Italian*, it would give it a sprightly Air.

Lady Weal. And so it would indeed my dear ; well *Herriot*, you shall fancy all my Cloaths, and your own too : I think *Aurelia* must have something new upon this Occasion.

Aur. Madam, my Father has made me a present of three peices of very fine Silk ; which if I could have liked Sir *John*, were design'd to have been made up against the Wedding.

Lady Weal. Since there's no likelyhood of that disagreeable Match, if we like the Silks, *Herriot*, and I, will choose each of us a Peice of 'em.

Her. I will have the peach Colour with gold Flowers, if your Ladyship pleases. I saw 'em to day when they came Home.

Lady Weal. You shall take your choice my dear ; but what do we stand trifling here for ; I must look into my Family affairs, you are happy *Aurelia*, you have got rid of a great deal of Trouble, the management of Servants, is one of the greatest plagues of Life, and you have a sad set of Servants, I must get a new parcel as soon as I can, tho' I beleive I shall keep your Maid *Lettice* to wait upon *Herriot*, and when *Herriot* has no occasion for her, she
may

may do any thing for you, I know *Herriot*, and you, love one another so Tenderly, there will be no Disputes, you have too much discretion, to dispute any thing with her, if you should have any reason for complaining against her, provided you give me Substantial proof of it, I shall let *Herriot* know she must not do it for the Future, tho' I dare swear the Child will never give you any cause, without you to provoke her very much.

Aur. I will assure you Madam——

Lady Weal. Since by being your Father's Wife, I justly deserve the Title of Ladyship, when you speak to me *Aurelia*, pray give me my due Honour.

Aur. I thought it had been the height of good Manners, to have said Madam, to the Queen her self.

Her. Nay Sister, if you know better then her Ladyship and I, we have done.

Lady Weal. Say nothing *Herriot*, she will learn better; where's all the Keys of your Cupboards, Store-Room, and the Plate *Aurelia*?

Aur. And please your Ladyship, *Lettice* has them.

Lady Weal. Oh fye *Aurelia*, a Housewife! and trust the Keys to her Maid, pritty management indeed; well, I shall ease you and her too, of these Burthens; come *Herriot*, let us look into our Family affairs; sure I shall make thee another guest Housewife then *Aurelia*.

Aur.

Aur. I shall be glad to learn, and please your Ladyship.

Her. I shall be glad to show my Sister any thing that I know:

Lady Weal. Ay, thou art a good natured Creature, the best temper'd Child I ever met with in all my Life; how unhappy might *Aurelia* have been with some Sisters; in-Law; come *Herriot*, it's probable we shall have a great deal of Company to Congratulate us, and therefore we must go, and adjust Matters.

Aur. Shall I wait on your Ladyship?

Lady Weal. No *Aurelia*, thank our Stars we want no help, we shall give you very little Trouble, when I want you I will send for you.

Her. Ay Sister, when we want you we'll send for you.

(Exeunt Lady Wealthy and Herriot.)

Aur. Very pritty, and very pert——let me consider, for I protest I am in a maze, my bosom Friends!——People that I have supported by my Charity——Oh Ingratitude! thou cursed hellish reigning Vice——my Lady Mother with a Vengeance——well Sir *Ambrose* my disobeying your Commands, will be severely punish'd.——What must I never see *Townley* more, my Life, my Soul, my Happiness. I must I will see him; and he shall be mine in spite of all her Artifice.

Enter

Enter Lettice.

Let. Oh Madam! there's terrible Doings, your Lady Mother is got into the Kitchen, calling the Cook Names, and throwing every thing she meets with, at the Scullions Head; she has lock'd the Butler into his Pantry, and charg'd the Coach-man with stealing the Horses Oates, what will poor Sir *Ambrose* say to all this Noise? who always lov'd Peace, and Quietness, the young thing tell's me I am to be her Maid, curse on her Pride; but I forgot to give you this Letter from dear Mr. *Townley*.

Aur. There is the only Comfort left. *(she opens the Letter and Reads.)*

Dear AURELIA,

I Am not much surpriz'd at your Father's marrying Friendless, for I always supposed, that a Man who behaved himself so Whimsically to you, would one Time or other, do a very ridiculous Thing by himself: I foresee the termagant Ains your Mother-in-Law is like to give herself, and no doubt will incense your Father against you: Shake of their Tyranny, and come to the Arms of him who most tenderly loves you; 'tis true my Fortune's small, but yet enough to live above the World's Contempt; real Happiness is seated in the resolution of being contented in our Circumstances: Therefore rid yourself of all your Plagues at once, and bless your

Admirer

TOWNLEY.

Aur

Aur. (speakes) Generous Townley, it shall be so: does any one wait for an Answer?

Let. His trusty Porter, Madam.

Aur. I will into my Chamber, and write one that shall please him.

Lady Weal. (calling without) Why Lettice, I say; very fine truly. Is this the respect showed to a Lady?

Let. So, so, my turn is next. *(she runs out)* I am coming, coming, coming, and shall please your Ladyship. Exit Lettice.

Aur. Poor Creature! her good Fortune has turn'd her Brain: I hope she'll vent some of her mad Fits on my Father.

Enter Sir Jeremy Daudle, Lady Daudle, and Squire Daudle.

Sir Je. Ah Mrs. *Aurelia*, we are come to wish you Joy of your——

Lady Dau. Of your what Fool——What Joy can it be to her; to be sure Mrs. *Aurelia*, you must be very Melancholy.

Sir Je. Ay to be sure, very Melancholy.

Lady Dau. You are always interrupting me: I am afraid this new Alliance, will make bad for you *Aurelia*.

Squire Dau. Ay, many a *Bastinado* have I gone through, in hopes I should have been well paid for every Stroke; but now I'm well assured, the Fortune will fall short of what I set my Heart on.

Aur. Nay Squire, if you slight me, I must be undone——I thought you had always profess'd a sincere Love for me. Squire

Squire *Dau.* Ay Mrs. *Aurelia*, that's true ; but Love buy's no Beef and Mutton.

Sir *Je.* No, Love buy's no Beef and Mutton.

Lady *Dau.* Well *Aurelia*, I pity you ; your liking my Son, shows you have a great deal of Wit and Penetration ; for tho' the Squire is my Flesh and Blood, yet there is so many Charms in the dear Boy, that I can't help being of your Opinion ; how came this unfortunate Business *Aurelia* ? was the Devil in your Father : I am afraid this Woman and her Daughter, will quite ruin you ; they say he Married out of Revenge to you ; this Devil of a Woman ; we must get somebody to Poison her.

Sir *Je.* Ay, we must get somebody to Poison her.

Enter Lady Wealthy and Herriot.

Lady *Dau.* (*runs to her*) My dear Lady *Wealthy*, I congratulate you from the bottom of my Soul, (*to Herriot*) Joy, Joy, to the little dear Charmer.

Sir *Je.* From the bottom of my Soul, (*salutes Herriot*) to the little dear Charmer : Joy, Joy.

Squire *Dau.* (*Salutes them*) Give me leave Madam, to make up the Chorus, and repeat what all the World are singing.

Lady *Dau.* Ay thou art a dear Boy.

Squire *Dau.* (*to Her.*) And you my little *Angel*, how beautiful she is ! (*aside*) she will be the Fortune, I must pay my Addresses to her ;

there's

there's Comparison, between her and *Aurelia*.

Lady Weal. Pray Lady *Daudle* was this Visit to me?

Lady Dan. To you my Lady! pray to whom should it be? I will assure you, there is no Body living, has more respect for your Ladyship, then my Family.

Sir Je. Ay for your Ladyship, then my Family.

Lady Weal. Upon my Word *Aurelia*, I am very angry with you, do you think when People of Fashion visit me, that you must hold Discourse with them, and keep 'em from my presence? upon my Word 'tis rude, 'tis very rude.

Aur. I beg your Ladyships pardon, I meant no Harm.

Lady Weal. Meant no Harm, I beleive you meant no Harm, you have more Duty to me, then that comes too, but you must not be so thoughtless.

Her. I will answer for my Sister Madam, that she will never be guilty of the like again.

Lady Dan. Pritty Miss, she's for excusing it I find.

Lady Weal. Oh Lady *Daudle*, there is not such a comfort in Life, as that dear Creature, the best natured Soul upon Earth; I hope *Aurelia* will take Example by her.

Aur. (*Aside*) I shan't stay to be baited with your Impertinence, I have business of greater Consequence upon my Hands.

(*Exit*,
Lady

Lady Weal. What is the Girl gone, without asking leave, or making a Courtisic; what a solecism in breeding is that, she's Prodigiously under-bred, I shall have much a do to Polish her.

Lady Dau. Why poor Child, she has been a great while left to her self; and when young Women are left to themselves, they make but awkward Creatures.

Sir Jer. Ay, they make but awkward Creatures.

Lady Dau. Dear heart, did not I say so before, you are like an Eccho, repeat nothing but ones last Words.

Sir Jer. Why really my Dear, I love talk mightily, and I have very few Words of my own, and that makes me borrow yours; but if you are offended, I beg Pardon deary.

Lady Weal. Well I must bring Sir *Ambrose* to this sort of Discipline; methinks there's something to genteel in snubbing ones Husband before Company (*to them*) I must engage your Ladyship for the Evening, *Ombre's* the word.

Lady Dau. Ay dear *Ombre*, Life Would be insupportable without *Ombre*; how tedious would the Winter Evenings be, but for that dear Game.

Her. I own *Piquet* is my Favourite.

Lady Dau. Oh *Piquet* is very well for all Day, but sociable *Ombre* for all Night.

Sir Jer. Ay for all Night.

Squire Dau. I beg I may have the Honour of engaging pritty Miss *Herriot* at *Piquet*.

Lady Dau. Have a care of the irresistible Charms of those Eyes, she'll *Pique* you and re-*Pique* you, with one Glance.

Sir Jer. Ha ha ha, ay with one Glance.

Squire Dau. Never fear me, my Lady, I know the worst on't, 'tis but dying at her Feet.

Lady Weal. Very gallant indeed, the Squire is a perfect Courtier.

Lady Dau. Poor Boy, he always affected being genteel from a Baby, never play'd at any thing but Gentlefolks, Tea-tables, visiting Days, and Christenings with the Misses; he scorn'd the Vulgar Games, and keeping Company with Mechanick Boys; he is indeed the only comfort of my Heart.

Sir Jer. Ay the only comfort of my Heart.

Lady Weal. (*Aside*) Very well, I will set him down for another of *Herriot's* Lovers.

Lady Dau. Would you beleive it Lady *Wealthy*, I have made no less then fourteen Visits, since I heard of your Marriage, there's no pleasure of life to me like hearing the tittle tattle Impertinence of our Sex upon any surprizing occasion.

Sir Jer. Ay, upon any surprizing occation;

Lady Weal. Well, be so free with me my dear Lady *Daudle*, as to tell me what the World say's of me, for I suppose I am to be the Town talk for one Month.

Lady Dau. Why at present, the Town talks very favourably of you, because very few People know you, but poor *Sir Ambrose* is terribly taken

taken to Peices; and indeed till this handsome Action of his, I rail'd at him very heartily, for he has used poor *Nehemiah* most inhumanely.

Sir *Fer.* Ay, most inhumanely.

Lady Dau. I will say it for my Son *Nehemiah*, he has an enterprizing Brain, the finest Lad at an Intrigue, that ever was; now this barbarous Sir *Ambrose*, would really have sent him to Newgate, if Sir *Jeremy* and I had not come in the good speed: Justice *Quibus*, was making out his *Mittimus*.

Sir *Fer.* Ay, he was makeing out his *Mittimus*.

Lady Dau. Did not I say so Fool, do you think I cannot be beleived without your Vouching for me,——I really don't know where I left off now.

Lady Weal. About his *Mittimus* my Lady.

Lady Dau. Your Ladyship says true; 'twas a vile Action of Sir *Ambrose*, and I'd have him to know my Son deserves as good a Fortune as Mrs *Aurelia*, every Day in the Week.

Sir *Fer.* Ay, every Day in the Week.

Her. I beleive my Sister will be no great Fortune now.

Lady Weal. Poor *Aurelia*, I must perswade her Father to give her something, provided she Mary the Man I like; what she is to have will be uncertain, for I may have many Children, and perhaps a Boy.

Squire Dau. (*Aside*) If I had stole her, what a precious Prospect should I have had.

Lady

Lady Dau. Well my dear *Lady Wealthy*, I rejoyce at your good Fortune, and I hope you'll make *Sir Amborse* know his Duty, for your sake, I beleive I shall be brought to have a tolerable Opinion of him, tho' indeed I had vow'd Vengeance against him, for using my Son so, he is my Aversion, a peevish Positive—

Enter Sir Ambrose.

My Dear dear *Sir Ambrose*, I wish you a great deal of joy.

Sir Jer. Ay, a great deal of joy:

Squire Dau. Ay, and so do I, dear *Sir Ambrose*.

Sir Amb. Thank you Neighbours, thank you; well Squire, are you and I Friends again, I don't fear your stealing my Daughter now, if I loose her, you see I have got another.

Squire Dau. Well *Sir Ambrose*, I have pay'd for my peeping, and shall have done with Intrigueing for the future.

Lady Dau. Ay *Sir Ambrose*, your severe Usage has quite baulk'd my Boy.

Sir Je. Ay, quite baulk'd my Boy.

Sir Amb. Why then I have taught him to be Wise, he has bought his Wit, and will for the future know, that a young Fellow's Head, has not Brains enough in it, to over reach an old Man's Cunning.

Well my *Lady*, what Diversions will you find out for your Neighbours? I know they are come to spend the Evening with you.

Lady

Lady Weal. Why Sir *Ambrose*, we are going to Cards.

Sir Amb. I will finish a little Business, and wait on you ; where's *Aurelia*?

Lady Weal. Truly Sir *Ambrose*, I have substantial Reasons for complaining of her, she has left us so odly, so abruptly that I protest I am surpris'd at her.

Sir Amb. Why she has lost by this day's Work considerably, and therefore you must give the Loosers leave to look Cloudy.

Lady Weal. I hope you don't justify her, Sir *Ambrose*.

Sir Amb. Why, what if I do; she's my own Daughter, and I can do as I please about her.

Sir Jer Ay, ay, he can do as he pleases about her.

Lady Weal. Very well Sir *Ambrose*; I have done.

Sir Amb. Ay, or else you are undone I can tell you ; well set you merry for half an Hour, in which Time, I shall dispatch a little Business, and then *Squire Daudle* you shall throw the Stocking, and Sir *Jeremy* shall fill his Carcase full of good Sack Posset. *Exit.*

Lady Weal. I find I must govern him by degrees, he's a Stubborn old Man.

Lady Dau. Ay, but if your *Ladyship* takes my Advice, as stubborn as he is, we'll make him as humble as my Sir *Jeremy* here.

Sir Je. Ay, as humble as my Sir *Jeremy* here.

Lady

Lady Dau. You Ideot you, was there ever such Nonsense as your repeating those Words after me.

Squire Dau. With Reverence be it spoke dear Sir, 'tis a very silly Way you have got; and please your Ladyship, we must break my Father of it, or People will take him for a nump-Skull.

Sir Je. Ay take him for a———well I have done Honey; I have done.——

Lady Weal. Well Sir *Jeremy*, we'll to Cards.

Sir Je. Ay to Cards; your Hand if your Ladyship pleases.

Squire Dau. Your Hand, my fairest *Herriot*.

Lady Dau. Squeeze it my dear Boy, say soft Things to her. She is a charming Creature:

*He is the Man of Wisdom, and of Part,
Who gains the shortest Way, a Ladies Heart.*

Exeunt.

End of the fourth ACT.



ACT

ACT V.

SCENE 4 HALL

Enter Miss Herriot, Squire Daudle following.

Her. **N**AY don't pretend to it, for you shall not follow me.

Squire Dau. Indeed my pritty Miss, you'r too Cruel, I must and will admire you, in spite of your Teeth!

Her. Pho, I hate your fulsome praises, of my Hands, my Face, my Eyes, and Shape; are you such a Changeling as to imagine, that if I have those Things in perfection, that I don't know it, as well as you, and that I don't know how to set a value on 'em, as well as you.

Squire Dau. Ay, but my little dear Charmer, there is no avoiding your Perfections; they all stare one in the Face, and one can no more help admiring of 'em, then one can help talking of 'em, when one does admire 'em.

Her.

Her. You Men look so like Fools and whining Coxcombs, when you are upon those Subjects, that I abhor the generality of your Sex for it : No, the Man who wins my Heart, shall appear a Man of Sence, that I may have the pleasure of makeing a Fool of him my self.

Squire Dau. Do but put me down in the List of your Lovers, and make what you please of me.

Her. Well, the Prudes may say what they please; but it is a delicious thing to be Admir'd, and Ador'd, and of all your soft things, there's none like those that are said to us.

Squire Dau. Dearest Creature, permit me to touch your Fair Hand, (*takes hold of her Hand*) Oh Raptures! thus let me devour it, and die away with Extacie.

Her. Since you are so inamour'd with one, pray take the Fellow to it, you must know there is more weight in that Hand, than in the other. (*bitting him a Box in the Ear*) As she Strikes him

Enter Aurelia.

Aur. Poor Squire, you are very Unfortunate in your Amours.

Squire Dau. (*aside*) So, I shall have a fine Time on't between my two Mistresses.

Her. Do you think Sister, that you have a right of intruding into my Company, perhaps I had a mind to be private——*Aurelia*, my Lady Mother shall decide that for us.

Aur. Why prithee Child do'st thou imagine.

Enter

Enter *Lady Wealthy*.

Lady Weal. Prithee! whose that says Prithee? ——— Prithee is a Word of great Contempt.

Her. (Crying) In short I can't bear it, nor I won't bear it; no Body was ever so used.

Sir Ambrose, listening at the Door.

What civil Wars are these? I must over hear 'em.

Lady Weal. Dry up thy Eyes my dear little Charmer; who has offended thee?

Her. Why, and please your Ladyship *Aurelia* has used me most barbarously, and most inhumanly.

Lady Weal. *Aurelia*! ———

Aur. Who I Madam! give me Leave. ———

Lady Weal. Give you Leave! that's pritty; why you are the Person accused; what has the Creature done, *Herriot*?

Her. Why Madam, when *Squire Dandle* and I were here alone together, she not only listen'd, but enter'd in, and interrupted us; and I won't bear it, so I won't.

Lady Weal. No, nor you shall not bear it; such Insolence was never heard on, 'tis provoking to the last degree.

Sir Amb. (Listening) Poor *Aurelia*!

Lady Weal. In my House, to be guilty of so much Rudeness!

Aur. Upon my Word ———

Lady

Lady Weal. Upon your Word!——Pray who will take your Word for a Farthing?

Squire Dau. (Aside) I find *I* am the occasion of these Broiles upon the Coast, therefore 'tis prudent for me to steal off, lest *I* should be brought to fending and proving.

Exit.

Lady Weal. I protest your ill Language, and rude Behaviour, has frightned the Gentleman away.

Aur. My Language!

Lady Weal. Look you *Aurelia*, this is the last Time I will have any dispute with you; for either you shall leave the House or I will.

Sir Amb. (Listening) Excellent Woman.

Lady Weal. My Daughter and I, will have no Spies upon us.

Aur. Sure never any tying was so unaccountable!

Lady Weal. 'Tis very true *Aurelia*; nothing ever was so unaccountable: I am glad you own the Fault, and I hope you will mend; you have many Faults that you must mend *Aurelia*, if you expect quiet in my House; with all the Calmness in the World I tell you, (for I am not in a passion Child) your Carriage and Behaviour is very ridiculous, and your Dress most awkward.

Her. I never saw any Body dress so awkwardly in all my Life; her Cloaths are put on with no Air, her Gown is pasted upon her Back, she never turns out her Toes, and pokes out her Head like a Pig upon the Spit.

Lady

Lady Weal. So she does indeed *Herriot*. —
Ah let thee alone to discribe an ungenteel Creature.

Sir Amb. (Listening) Sure I got this Girl without a Gaul; what will they not provoke her to an Answer?

Her. Pray my Lady, do but observe the Lappets of her Head, what a becoming look she has; tho' I must do her this Justice to say, Night-Cloaths becomes her best; for the more she hides of her Face, the better it will be liked.

Aur. Pray Ladies, how long am I to be your Scorn and Redicule?

Lady Weal. Nay Madam, if you can't keep within the bounds of good Manners, you are no fit Company for us; and so come along my dear *Herriot*.

Her. No, upon my Word, she is not Company for us. *Exeunt.*

Sir Amb. (Listening) No indeed, is she not. — *Poor Aurelia.* —

Aur. For what Reason am I made thus miserable — is it for my undutifulness to my Father: I am sure, I have cause of repenting, and most severely has he punish'd me for it; — it's demonstration; I can meet with nought but Misery in this House; generous *Townley*! let me once more read his tender kind Letter, (*She pulls out Townley's Letter, and as she is going to read it, Sir Ambrose comes behind her, and snatches it out of her Hand.*)

Sir

Sir Amb. let me see *Aurelia*, I will read it for you.

Aur. Oh Heavens my Father! then I am compleatly ruin'd.

Sir Amb. Perhaps not *Aurelia*, ——— but let us see what Townley says about it.

(he reads)

Dear AURELIA,

I Am not much surpriz'd at your Father's marrying Friendless, for I always supposed, that a Man who behaved himself so Whimsically to you, would one Time or other, do a very ridiculous Thing by himself: (he speaks) well observed truly, (he reads) I foresee the termagant *Airs* your Mother-in-Law is like to give herself, (he speaks) I wish to Heaven, I could have foreseen 'em — and the Devil should have had her for me. — (he reads) and no doubt will incense your Father against you: (he speaks) there he is mistaken, for it is not in the Power of any one, to set me against my Daughter, (he reads) Shake of their Tyranny, (he speaks) why truly *Aurelia*, thou hast been Tyrannically used, (he reads) and come to the Arms of him who most tenderly loves you; (he speaks) and upon my Word *Aurelia* I like him the better for it, (he reads) 'tis true my Fortune's small, (he speaks) ay so it is too small indeed, (he reads) but yet enough to live above the World's Contempt; real Happiness is seated in the resolution of being contented in our Circumstances: (he speaks) why in truth and so it is; and if People can be satisfied with a small
Forunc

Fortune, I do not see any Occasion there is for a great one, (he reads) *Therefore rid your self of all your Plagues at once, and bless your*

Admirer

TOWNLEY.

(*He speaks*) Upon my Troth a very worthy Fellow. ——— come hither *Aurelia*, you and I have two Accounts to make up——you have very much offended me, ——— set that there, ——— now I have been guilty of a rash Action, I have committed a damn'd confounded Marriage, which I doubt not, has very much offended you; now where shall we set this *Aurelia*, do you forgive me, and I will forgive you, ——— do you really Love this *Townley*, confess your Heart freely to me, I will not be angry with you *Aurelia*.

Aur. I own Sir, I long have had a secret Passion for him, and was this Day to have met him at your Lady's House, had you not prevented it.

Sir *Amb.* Would thou hadst met him, and would to Heaven I had not prevented it.—— But come *Aurelia*, we must make the best of a bad Market, it is in my Power to give you into *Townley's* Arms, and make you happy; I wish it were in yours, to make me so; but my Plagues are like to last for Life, ——— this ungrateful Woman, that could use you with so much Barbarity and Insolence, will not spare me, who never show'd the Charity to her, that you have done. I own I have done a rash
rediculous

rediculous Action ; but then *Aurelia* you must own, you were prity much the cause on't. —

Aur. Which on my Knees I beg forgiveness for. I fear'd your sudden Passion, might have forc'd me to have Married against my Inclinations, which made me consent to a meeting with *Townley* ; and this Woman was privy to my whole Design ; I doubt I should have been so undutiful, as to have Married him, had you not come so suddenly upon us.

Sir Amb. Arise *Aurelia*, your Misfortunes, as well as mine, bring Tears into my Eyes. Send immediately to *Townley*, let him know I have seen his Letter, and do consent he shall be my Son-in-Law ; I am determin'd to give you the same Fortune, I always design'd you, in spite of this termagant, ungrateful, she Wolf ; her usage to my dear *Aurelia*, has made her sight odious to me, and her Daughter is the true Spawn of her.

Aur. How can I enough admire, so kind, so good a Father :

Sir Amb. Begone my dear, for yonder comes my evil Genius, it is not safe for thee to be within her reach. (Exit *Aurelia*.)

Enter Lady Wealthy and Herriot.

Lady Weal. So *Sir Ambrose*, it is a fine Life I am like to lead here, I shall be insulted in my own House. — *Aurelia* and all the Servants are in a Confederacy against me and my poor Daughter,

Daughter; for ought I know, they may Poison us.

Her. They are malicious Creatures, ten to one but they will Poison us.

Lady Weal. Look you Sir *Ambrose*, I will be Mistress of my own House; all the Servants shall be turn'd off immediately; and I expect, you should find out some Place or other for your Daughter to be in; you may Board her cheap enough in the Country.

Her. Yes, you may Board her very cheap in the Country:

Sir Amb. And if I should be so unnatural, as to turn my Daughter out of Doors, do you believe I shall not one time or other repent me of it, and turn you and your Daughter out of Doors, and take my own Child home again.

Lady Weal. Turn us out of Doors! that's pritty, truly.

Sir Amb. Why Madam, to come somewhat home to the matter; if you assume any Power here, but what I give you leave to Execute, I shall use you and your Daughter very Scurvily.

Lady Weal. Ha, ha, ha, that's good indeed.

Sir Amb. Ha, ha, ha, not so good as you think; for in the first place, I will have one of my Rooms very well darken'd, — and the Doors barocaded, with a plentiful parcel of Iron; I will have fine bundles of very clean Straw deposited therein; and when ever your Ladyship is going into your undutiful Truncks, I will take you by the little Finger, and lead

lead you into the aforesaid Room, and lock you securely in there; supplying you from Day to Day, with a sufficient quantity of Bread and Water, untill you shall so far come to your understanding, as to be sensible, that I am and will be intirely Master of my own House.

Lady Weal. Do you think, I will be used after this manner? no, I will dye first.

Sir Amb. Why truly that would do better for me; the obligation of Marriage would then be over, and I should be again my own Man.

Lady Weal. Oh such Inhumane usage, I cannot bear; oh! I faint, I dye, oh *Herriot*, hold me Child, (*she falls in a Swoond.*)

Her. Oh, for Heaven's sake assist me Sir, she's cold! she's gone!

Sir Amb. Truly Miss, I am but a Fool of a Physician, and can do her little good; besides, I have some urgent Business in my counting House.

Lady Weal. Oh, oh, oh.

Her. Her fit is very strong; can you be so Barbarous, to leave me alone with her; must she dye for want of help.

Sir Amb. If she has a mind to dye, she shall not want help, I'll send for a Physician; so your Servant my dear. (*Exit.*)

Lady Weal. (*rises up*) What is the stiff Necked stubborn old Rascal gone? I will be reveng'd. I suppose this Minx *Aurelia*, has been before Hand with us in her Story; but I will make him know the arbitrary Power of a Wife; I will show him the true Spirit of my Sex, and before

before I have done, I will make an humble Husband of him.

Her. Pray Heaven your Ladyship, brings him to know his Duty; or perhaps when we have a mind to go a Visiting, he will deny us the Coach.

Lady Weal. We both will wrack our Brains for his Destruction; but my Dear *Herriot*, my care for you is great, and for fear of any unlucky Incidents, the sooner I marry you the better, what think you of this *Dandle*? or Sir *John Dareall*?

Her. And please your Ladyship I am not old enough to relish either of their Persons, but to be a Lady determines me.

Lady Weal. As we could wish, he comes.

Enter Sir John.

Sir John. Your Ladyship's obedient Servant, your absence is much lamented in the Parlour, Sir *Jeremy* and his Lady have beat me most shamefully at *Ombre*.

Lady Weal. I beg pardon Sir *John*, for leaving you so Abruptly, but upon my Marriage with Sir *Ambrose*, he was oblig'd to settle six thousand Pound upon my Daughter, here we have been perfecting the Writings, and now I am for Cards again, we shall have you, I hope Sir *John*. (Exit.

Sir John (*Aside*) Six thousand Pound, (*to her*) immediately (*aside*) she's an agreeable pritty genteel Girl, I want just six thousand Pound (*to Herriot*) How sorry am I, my little dear Angel, that Sir *Ambrose* has settled any Fortune upon you.

O

Her.

Her. Pray why so Sir *John*.

Sir John. Because I might have shown you, how much I adore your Person, you then would have known my Sincerity when I had thrown you all my Fortune at your Feet, and thought the Beauties of your mind, Riches enough for me, to have settled all my Estate upon you.

Her. This is generous indeed Sir *John*,— I find tho I am but a young Lover, there is a Sympathy between the Sexes, I own when first I saw you, I Wish'd *Aurelia* might not be your Wife.

Sir John. My dear Innocent, sincere Creature, let me grow to you, I suppose you are not Ignorant, Sir *Ambrose* and I had agree'd upon all matters about his Daughter, for which reason, I cannot ask you Publicky of him, but if you will consent, that I shall Marry you privately, it shall be done Immediately.

Her. Well Sir *John*, it is a folly to deny the Fact, besides I am too young to Dissemble with you,—go with me into the Parlour, and get my Mother's consent, and I am yours, as soon as e'er you please,

Sir John. Ay, but suppose my dear, she should be Averse to it.

Her. Why then we can but do it without her Consent.

Sir John. Well? I can deny you Nothing (as he is leading her out)

Enter Squire Daudle.

Squire Dau. Ha I don't like this Intimacy especially since Lady *Wealthy* has told me, Sir
Ambrose

Ambrose as settle'd fix thousand Pound upon her, now she is become a Fortune, there will be Spy's about her, and it will be hard to get Opportunities of being alone with her, but I have a Stratagem, such an Intrigue, such a Disguise, I will about it instantly ha ! is not that *Jack Townley* coming this way, perhaps Sir *Ambrose* and he are reconcil'd ; and *Aurelia* will be his, if so its time for me to make sure of this Girl.

Enter *Townley*.

Town. My dear *Daudle* your most humble Servant.

Squire Dau. Dear *Townley*, I rejoyce to see you here, how stand affairs with Sir *Ambrose*.

Town. With me Joy my dear Boy, he has sent for me hither, as *Aurelia* informs me to compleat our Happiness.

Squire Dau. Faith *Townley*, I am glad on't with all my Soul ; I shall not be long after you, I am upon committing Matrimony too ; but see *Aurelia's* coming this way ? I will not interrupt you, (*meets her*) your Servant fair Lady.

Enter, as he goes out, *Aurelia*.

Tow. My dear *Aurelia*, did I ever think I should embrace you in this House again.

Aur. No Words now, my Father has order'd that I conduct you to my Chamber, where he will immediately attend us, and if it will not frighten you, I am to inform you, the Parson is sent for.

Town. Too well you know, how much my Heart o'erflow's with joy, at my near approach of happiness.

Aur.

Aur. I feel the same delight, I always told you, our faithful Love, would one day be rewarded.

Enter Cash.

Cash. Mrs. *Aurelia*, I am sent hither by command of your Father, to let you know *ditto* Parent, is now waiting in your Apartment, with a Parson, who is to joyn you and this Gentleman together, in those Bonds commonly call'd Wedlock, you have my Prayers, and good wishes.

Town. Thank you dear *Cash*, come my Life, my Soul, my All? *(Exeunt.)*

Cash. Go your ways, for a happy Couple; I do not know what to make of our new Brood; I find all our Servants are so much disoblig'd, that they often wish, *ditto* Brood at the Devil.

Enter Sir John Dareall and Herriot.

Sir John. And are you sure, my little Angel, the Parson will come upon receiving your Note, for I am impatient till 'tis over.

Her. Nay, I am uneasy till 'tis done, but never fear *Sir John*, he is intirely at my Devotion; he married my Lady Mother to *Sir Ambrose*. *(espying Cash)* Oh! Mr *Cash* your Servant, is the Messenger return'd I sent to fetch the Parson.

Cash. *(Aside)* *Sir Ambrose* told me, that the Parson being here, was to be a Secret from these People, perhaps she suspects something, and so has a mind to sift me about it. *(to her)*
Madam,

Madam, I will go and inquire for *ditto* Gentleman, and bring you an Answer.

(Exit *Cash*.)

Her. Pray do Sir, what will *Aurelia* say Sir *John*, when she finds I have got her Lover from her, I shall take Pleasure in ralying the Creature, for she had so great an Opinion of her self, and seem'd to look so Scornfully down upon me, that I cannot but take notice, we should teach those sort of People to know themselves Sir *John*.

Sir *John*. Oh, by all means Madam

Enter Cash and Squire Daudle.

disguis'd like a Parson.

Cash. This is the Clergyman I suppose, you wanted Madam ; for he desired he might speak with you.

Squire *Dau*. I don't like Sir *John*'s being with her, I must get her alone to my self, and then slap dash the Business is over ; Madam if you please, I would speak a Word in private with you.

Her. Oh you may speak out Sir, I suppose Mr. *Homily* being engaged himself, has sent you to Marry me to this Gentleman.

Squire *Dau*. (*Aside*) Ha what the Devil—here's an Intrigue to counterplot mine, but I will take the Hint, and by that means get to the Bottom of it, (*to her*) yes Madam ; Mr. *Homily* craves Pardon for his not coming, being sent for in great haste, to Marry a Couple.

Sir

Sir *John*. Why Sir; our Case requires haste, and therefore, I must beg you would dispatch us immediately.

Squire *Dau.* (*Aside*) The Devil you would, (*to him*) Sir, there is some Gravity, and Circumspection to be used in this Affair, it being a solemn Business, I must ask this Lady some previous Questions concerning it.

Cash. (*Aside*) I presume I should give Sir *Ambrose* Intimation of this matter, for it doth not appear, to be a bill he has accepted on.

Squire *Dau.* Fair Lady, if you please, let me know whether you are willing to marry this Gentleman?

Her. Most willingly Sir.

Squire *Dau.* (*aside*) What a damn'd Fool shall I be made on then. (*to her*) But Madam, is there no pre-Engagements between you, and one *Daudle*?

Her. With me! no, I assure you, I despise the poor dismal Creature.

Squire *Dau.* (*aside*) You do you say; then I am a most unfortunate Dog. (*to her*) One Question more Madam; does Sir *Ambrose* or my Lady know any thing of this Matter?

Her. My Mother does Sir.

Squire *Dau.* (*aside*) Then I may go hang my self. (*to her*) I shall be glad to have it from her own Mouth, Madam.

Sir *John*. What scrupulous Impertinence is this? the thing is to be done privately, and she has Company with her in the Parlour.

Squire

Squire *Dau.* May she not be call'd out Sir?

Her. Yes, yes Sir. Mr. *Cash*, be so kind as to tell my *Lady*; I beg to speak one Word with her.

Cash. I shall Madam, (*aside*) and by the Way, give Sir *Ambrose* notice, of what you are Transacting here. *Exit.*

Her. Pray Sir, who inform'd you, that there was a Match depending, between me and *Dau-dle*?

Squire *Dau.* There is such a report Madam.

Sir *John.* Given out by that little vain Rascal himself I suppose; I shall slit his Wind-Pipe, if he talks with Freedom of my *Angel*.

Squire *Dau.* (*aside*) Pray Heaven, he does not discover me; I am in danger of my Life, and I never undertook an Intrigue in all my Life but I was so.

Her. Sure any one that sees Sir *John*, can never suppose I would quit his Person for such a ridiculous Creature as the *Squire*; do you know him Sir?

Squire *Dau.* I have seen him Madam. (*aside*) It is allways my luck in my Intrigues, to hear my self rail'd at.

Sir *John.* He is one of the saddest Dogs I ever met with.

Squire *Dau.* (*aside*) I dare not contradict him now: I am an unlucky Dog I am sure, which is next a-kin to a sad Dog.

Enter

Enter *Lady Wealthy*.

Lady Weal. Did you send for me my dear *Herriot*.

Sir John. My Lady the Doctor here make's, a scruple about marrying of us, and questions your Consent.

Lady Weal. What then *Mr. Homily* could not come himself.

Squire Dan. No, and shall please your Ladyship, and therefore employ'd unworthy me.

Sir John. Well Sir, now I suppose you are satisfied, and therefore will proceed.

Squire Dan. Will your Ladyship be pleased to give 'em away?

Lady Weal. Wiht all my Heart Sir.

Squire Dan. But I have some Scruples still, concerning *Sir Ambrose*.

Sir John. Pho, Pox of your Scruples.

Squire Dan. Pox of my Scruples Sir! I will assure you Sir, People of my Coat, are not used to be served after this Manner; you that can use such expressions, to one that has not married you; what severe Language, would you give me, if I had married you?

Her. Upon my Word, I shall be angry with *Mr Homily*, to send a Parson to us, that trifles with us after this manner.

Squire Dan. Young Lady, you need not be in such haste to be married; if you were to stay a Year or two; it would do you no harm.

Sir

Sir Jo. Haerk you Fellow, use none of you're Reflections here ; I shall slit your Wind-Pipe for you, if you do.

Squire Dau. I am not angry at your calling me Fellow ; for I am so ; but Lady's pray bear Witness, I go in danger of my Life. What, am I to be assaulted ? you a Gentleman ! to offer Violence to a Man that has nothing to resist with.

Sir John. Heark you, I am a *Free-Thinker*, and have no great respect for any of you ; therefore marry us this Moment, or by Heaven, thou diest. *(draws his Sword)*

Squire Dau. *(Kneeling)* Ah dear Sir, I will, I will. *(aside)* Here's a damn'd Story now ; why if I should say the Words over 'em, 'tis a Marriage in Law ; a Pox of my Intriguing.

Sir John. Come Sir, no trifling, but do your Office.

Squire Dau. Well Sir, are you ready ?

Sir John. Ay, ay, begin.

Squire Dau. *(aside)* If I don't do it, he will murder me. *(to him)* Stand there Sir, — *(aside)* there's no getting from it ; — wilt thou have this —

Enter Sir Ambrose, Aurelia, Townley, and Cash.

He Espies Sir Ambrose, runs behind him and crys out Murder, Murder.

Sir Amb. What Uproar's this ?

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Squire Dau. Well Sir, are you ready ?

Sir John. Ay, ay, begin.

Squire Dau. *(aside)* If I don't do it, he will murder me. *(to him)* Stand there Sir, — *(aside)* there's no getting from it ; — wilt thou have this —

Enter Sir Ambrose, Aurelia, Townley, and Cash.

He Espies Sir Ambrose, runs behind him and crys out Murder, Murder.

Sir Amb. What Uproar's this ?

Squire Dau. Ah Sir, pray protect me from that Bloody minded Man ; he threatens to Murder me, because *I* would not marry him to that young Lady.

Sir Amb. I wish you had, and then *I* should have got rid of part of my Plague ; this is an Intrigue of my dear Lady's making I suppose.

Lady Weal. (aside) This disappointment will spoil poor *Herriot's* Fortune. Ha ! *Townley* and *Aurelia*, what can this mean.

Enter Lady Daudle, and Sir Jeremy.

Lady Dau. Nay, I am certain it was his Voice, and I am sure he cryed out Murder. *(espying Daudle)* Ha ! is not that he, in that Disguise, disappointed in one of his Intrigues I suppose ; my dear *Nehemia* what made you cry out so?

Sir Amb. What *Squire Daudle*, have you not left off your damn'd Intrigueing yet?

Squire Dau. Pray *Sir Ambrose* forgive me this once and I have done for ever, your Lady here having inform'd me that you had settled six Thousand Pound upon her Daughter, I thought the Mony would do as well in my Pocket as anothers——for which end I borrowed this Habit —— in the interim this young Lady sends for a Parson, takes me for the Man ; and so I discover'd the Plot as you see.

Sir John. Damn the Villain ; I will be revenged of him.

Town-

Town. Hold Sir, this is not a place for such Sport (*looks in his Face*) Ha Jack Ombre? how the Devil came you into this Country?

Amb. Ha? what name do you give him.

Town. Ombre Sir, last Year when I was at the Bath, it was his Fortune to lodge in the same House with me, he is a famous Tat-monger that eats when the Dice runs High, and starves when they don't.

Sir *Amb.* A Sharper; a Gamester—— Mr. Ombre, what an escape have I had, upon my Word Mr. Ombre had like to have put the two black Aces upon me, call some Servants and secure him *Cash*, perhaps he has pick Locks for our Iron Chests.

Town. No Sir, he is of a race of Cheats, that scorn to get their Living any way, but by imposing upon other Peoples understandings.

Sir *Amb.* We have as good Laws in this Country, for punishing such sort of Creatures, as any where he could go to; let me see, *Item* for counterfeiting my Brothers Hand, *Item* for representing the Man he is not, *Item* for,—— kiss me my dear *Aurelia*, kiss me my dear Son *Townley*, what an escape is here, marry thee to a Sharper, how I Love thee for thy undutifulness.

Lady Weal. Ha, Married without my consent or knowledge, what can all this mean; my dearest *Herriot*, marry thee to a Sharper, Heaven forbid.

Sir *John.* I beg you would not expose me, for I am a Gentleman, tho' an unfortunate younger Brother.

Sir

Sir Amb. So much the worse for that, when Gentlemen turn Rogues, they always prove the greatest, and ought to be made the greatest examples, therefore away with him to Justice *Quibus's*.

Sir John. Mr. Townley, I beg you will intercede for me.

Cash. Sir our Orders are punctual, and therefore you must proceed. *(they haul him out.)*

Squire Dau. He has been my Rival to two Ladies, therefore if he must be Hang'd, I will see him as far as *Stephen's Green*.

Her. What a disappointment's here, I am like to be no Lady; nor no Fortune neither.

Sir Amb. This Neighbours shall be a Night of Mirth, wish me joy of my Son Townley.

Lady Dau. Oh dear, Married Sir Ambrose.

Sir Amb. This Moment, in my Daughter's Chamber, her Mother-in-Law, shall have no more opportunities of using her ill in this House.

Lady Weal. A good riddance of her, I think.

Her. I am glad she is gone, but then I am sorry she's Married before me.

Sir Amb. Your ill natured Malice, and Ingratitude to poor *Aurelia*, has given me a Surfeit of you both.

Lady Weal. Do you think, I will be a Cypher in this House? how dare you Marry that Creature, without my consent? you have no Fool to deal with, things must stand upon another Foot, before I shall have any Satisfaction, this House is mine Sir, and you, and all about me, shall tremble at my Commands, I will make

make a Figure, you have Money and I know how to spend it.

Sir Jere. I profess a meer Termagant, a she Devil.

Enter a Sailor.

Sail. Pray is one Townley here.

Town. Who wants me?

Sail. I was order'd by the Captain of our Ship, to deliver this into your own Hands.

Town. (*opens it*) Ha! a Letter sign'd Friendless, what can this mean!

R E A D S.

DEAR Townley, I suppose you will be surpriz'd to hear of an old Friend the World thought Dead, you know how miserably I had involv'd my self in Debt, my Wife and I agreed to part, and so 'twas given out, I Died, and a formal Burying was made for me, I got to Cork in a Disguise, and took the first Ship to the West Indies, in our Passage we were attacked by a Pirate, but having many Hands on Board, we overcame him, and found twelve hundred thousand Dollars, my share of the Booty, was six thousand Pound, which has put me into a Condition of satisfying all my Creditors. In a few Days I design for Dublin, I beg you will acquaint my Wife of my good Fortune.

I am your affectionate Friend, and

Humble Servant.

John Friendless.

Sir

Sir Amb. Let me kiss the Hand——What Rapture! What Joy is here!——*Madam Friendless* your most Obedient Servant.

Lady Weal. Hell, and Confusion, this makes my condition worse then ever, for when my Husband hears how I have behav'd my self, he will certainly discard me.

Her. What is my Father alive! my Mother to be no Lady, nor am I to have no fine Cloaths, nor a Coach to go abroad in; this is heart breaking News.

Lady Weal. Come Child, we have no business here, to stay to be insulted.

Sir Amb. Madam, will your Lady-ship that was, be so kind as to make use of my Coach to see you safe home, pray give my service to Mr. *Friendless* and let him know you are never the worse for my Wear, *Tol lol di dol di lol.*

Lady Weal. Death and Destruction seize me, and all the World.

Her. Ay, and me too, for I am desperately disappointed. (Exeunt.)

Aur. Poor Creatures, what Scorn and Misery have they brought upon themselves.

Sir Amb. Was there ever such an inundation of Joy, Neighbours——Children why don't you rejoyce abominably?

Lady Dau. We do, we do *Sir Ambrose*, Oh the upstart Creature! what an air of Quality she gave her self, and how near poor *Nehemia* was of being ruin'd.

Sir Jer. Ay poor *Nehemia*.

Squire *Dau.* Well I must resolve to leave of my Intriguing, had I married this Girl, what a *Hoop-Peticoat* full of misery must I have drag'd after me.

Sir *Amb.* My dear *Townley*, give me thy Hand, I will this Night settle all I have upon thee; love my Daughter well, for in truth the Girl deserves it.

Town. Sir she has been long assur'd of my love and Constancy.

Aur. Which you see, has Crown'd our happiness at last.

Sir *Amb.* I wish I don't die with Joy, methinks I am as light as a Fly,——since I have shook off my Load, Mercy on me! I tremble when I think of the Danger I have escap'd; a termagant Wife, is the nearest resemblance of the Devil, that ever I met with.

Enter Cash.

Cash. The Musick Sir *Ambrose*, who were here upon your Wedding, are come again to play at the Celebration of your Daughter's Nuptials.

Sir. *Amb.* Let 'em play immoderately for Joy I am not married, and for Joy that my Daughter is married, and let us have some Dancing. —— (*they Dance.*)

So, so, now let's to Supper, and then the Glass shall move with merry glee, I am all Joy and Transport.

In

*In vain we Parents, lay down Schemes for Life,
I wisely chose her Husband, and my Wife.
Which might have caus'd a plaguety deal of Strife.
Fortune will or'e the Actions still preside
'Twas Fortune, made my Girl a happy Bride.
And fortune to her Honour, be it spoke.
Eas'd my poor Shoulders, of the marriage Toke.*

F I N I S.

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